

FINAL ASSAULT
ON THE FALKLANDS

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

JUNE 21, 1982

\$1.00

Israel's lightning strike



Invading Israeli tank near Beirut

25



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THE GLT

By Volvo.

Maclean's

JUNE 25, 1982 VOL. 93 NO. 25

COVER

Israel's lightning strike

The long months of waiting for an Israeli attack ended as Menachem Begin reshuffled a decisive strike into Lebanese territory to destroy the PLO as a fighting force. The six-day blitz knocked out threatening missiles and pushed the Palestinians all the way back to the broken city of Beirut before a shaky ceasefire was agreed upon. —Page 24

COVER PHOTO BY GARY WEAVER/CONTOUR



Protesters on parade

When about 300,000 anti-nuclear war demonstrators converged on New York City last week, political leaders around the world were forced to take note. —Page 22



Transfusion of spectacle

Strawford's stunning version of *The Mhade* shows what can be achieved when the festival's immense resources are used with wit and intelligence. —Page 32



CONTENTS

Books	49
Business	34
Canada	9
Film	64
For the record	50
Friskingham	56
Frays	49
Justice	44
Liters	5
News	3
Passages	5
People	42
Politics	8
Power	48
Sports	38
Technology	42
Theatre	23
World	14



Trials of the accused

The human aftermath of a Nova Scotia murder trial raises questions about the comforting assurance that a person is innocent until proven guilty. —Page 44



The painful retail slide

Department stores across the country are cutting staff, inventories and prospects in their efforts to cope with a post-Christmas sales slump that won't go away. —Page 39

DISCOVER...



Morning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked — avoid inhaling.
Average per cigarette: King Size and Regular: 7mg "tar," 0.7mg nicotine.

Maclean's June 21, 1992

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EDITORIAL By Peter C. Newman



Memo to Pierre Trudeau — pack up and leave town

As the days drop away and Canada's economic climate swings from calamity to catastrophe, it is becoming increasingly clear that only a change of government can restore business confidence. Pierre Trudeau's stewardship, which started so heavily in the spring of 1968, is turning out to have been a time not so much of broken promises as of shattered expectations. It is the ultimate irony of this exhausted administration that about the only remaining service Trudeau and his ministers can perform in the national interest is to resign and make way for less tarnished successors.

The gospel for national salvation should not come from our bankers, whose past hunger for profits is responsible for much of the private sector's overinvestment, but it is hard not to agree with William Mulholland, the Bank of Montreal's chairman, who told *The Globe* and *Mail* last week: "There is little time to take some positive action, but the fact is that we are well on the way toward a corporate liquidity crisis. On average, about 66 per cent of the net pretax cash flow of Canadian corporations is going to debt coverage, compared with about 25 per cent a year ago."

What Mulholland and his fellow bankers advocate to halt this hemorrhage and the outflow of investment funds from the country is the rebuilding of confidence through government action. "Credit commitments have to be made to control the budget deficit, a balance has to be struck between the needs of the dollar and interest rates, and broad domestic economic and social policies must be brought into line with reality." That's a rough prescription because it implies some serious cutting back in social welfare measures at a time when they are most needed. But the alternative would be even worse: exponentially higher inflation rates which would eventually cause an implosion of the whole economic system.

Mulholland didn't specifically call for a change of government, satisfying himself with the observation that none of the necessary measures has yet been adopted. The problem is that even if the present Liberal government reversed its economic policies, imprisoned Alcan Macdonald's budget and decided to sponsor sensible economic initiatives, they probably wouldn't work. The credibility of Ottawa's current crop of politicians has sunk so low that even when they admit they've lied, nobody believes them.

That's why the only recourse left is for the Liberal ministers to pack their bags and leave town—and for Trudeau himself to announce his permanent retirement from politics. The sense of national renewal and feeling of being granted at least a fighting chance of reviving the economy would be well worth the disruption involved.

When democratic governments abandon any real purpose except to retain power, it is time for them to go.

Maclean's 7-10 PM, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 2681, 2682, 2683, 2684, 2685, 2686, 2687, 2688, 2689, 2690, 2691, 2692, 2693, 2694, 2695, 2696, 2697, 2698, 2699, 2700, 2701, 2702, 2703, 2704, 2705, 2706, 2707, 2708, 2709, 2710, 2711, 2712, 2713, 2714, 2715, 2716, 2717, 2718, 2719, 2720, 2721, 2722, 2723, 2724, 2725, 2726, 2727, 2728, 2729, 2730, 2731, 2732, 2733, 2734, 2735, 2736, 2737, 2738, 2739, 2740, 2741, 2742, 2743, 2744, 2745, 2746, 2747, 2748, 2749, 2750, 2751, 2752, 2753, 2754, 2755, 2756, 2757, 2758, 2759, 2760, 2761, 2762, 2763, 2764, 2765, 2766, 2767, 2768, 2769, 2770, 2771, 2772, 2773, 2774, 2775, 2776, 2777, 2778, 2779, 2780, 2781, 2782, 2783, 2784, 2785, 2786, 2787, 2788, 2789, 2790, 2791, 2792, 2793, 2794, 2795, 2796, 2797, 2798, 2799, 2800, 2801, 2802, 2803, 2804, 2805, 2806, 2807, 2808, 2809, 2810, 2811, 2812, 2813, 2814, 2815, 2816, 2817, 2818, 2819, 2820, 2821, 2822, 2823, 2824, 2825, 2826, 2827, 2828, 2829, 2830, 2831, 2832, 2833, 2834, 2835, 2836, 2837, 2838, 2839, 2840, 2841, 2842, 2843, 2844, 2845, 2846, 2847, 2848, 2849, 2850, 2851, 2852, 2853, 2854, 2855, 2856, 2857, 2858, 2859, 2860, 2861, 2862, 2863, 2864, 2865, 2866, 2867, 2868, 2869, 2870, 2871, 2872, 2873, 2874, 2875, 2876, 2877, 2878, 2879, 2880, 2881, 2882, 2883, 2884, 2885, 2886, 2887, 2888, 2889, 2890, 2891, 2892, 2893, 2894, 2895, 2896, 2897, 2898, 2899, 2900, 2901, 2902, 2903, 2904, 2905, 2906, 2907, 2908, 2909, 2910, 2911, 2912, 2913, 2914, 2915, 2916, 2917, 2918, 2919, 2920, 2921, 2922, 2923, 2924, 2925, 2926, 2927, 2928, 2929, 2930, 2931, 2932, 2933, 2934, 2935, 2936, 2937, 2938, 2939, 2940, 2941, 2942, 2943, 2944, 2945, 2946, 2947, 2948, 2949, 2950, 2951, 2952, 2953, 2954, 2955, 2956, 2957, 2958, 2959, 2960, 2961, 2962, 2963, 2964, 2965, 2966, 2967, 2968, 2969, 2970, 2971, 2972, 2973, 2974, 2975, 2976, 2977, 2978, 2979, 2980, 2981, 2982, 2983, 2984, 2985, 2986, 2987, 2988, 2989, 2990, 2991, 2992, 2993, 2994, 2995, 2996, 2997, 2998, 2999, 3000, 3001, 3002, 3003, 3004, 3005, 3006, 3007, 3008, 3009, 3010, 3011, 3012, 3013, 3014, 3015, 3016, 3017, 3018, 3019, 3020, 3021, 3022, 3023, 3024, 3025, 3026, 3027, 3028, 3029, 3030, 3031, 3032, 3033, 3034, 3035, 3036, 3037, 3038, 3039, 3040, 3041, 3042, 3043, 3044, 3045, 3046, 3047, 3048, 3049, 3050, 3051, 3052, 3053, 3054, 3055, 3056, 3057, 3058, 3059, 3060, 3061, 3062, 3063, 3064, 3065, 3066, 3067, 3068, 3069, 3070, 3071, 3072, 3073, 3074, 3075, 3076, 3077, 3078, 3079, 3080, 3081, 3082, 3083, 3084, 3085, 3086, 3087, 3088, 3089, 3090, 3091, 3092, 3093, 3094, 3095, 3096, 3097, 3098, 3099, 3100, 3101, 3102, 3103, 3104, 3105, 3106, 3107, 3108, 3109, 3110, 3111, 3112, 3113, 3114, 3115, 3116, 3117, 3118, 3119, 3120, 3121, 3122, 3123, 3124, 3125, 3126, 3127, 3128, 3129, 3130, 3131, 3132, 3133, 3134, 3135, 3136, 3137, 3138, 3139, 3140, 3141, 3142, 3143, 3144, 3145, 3146, 3147, 3148, 3149, 3150, 3151, 3152, 3153, 3154, 3155, 3156, 3157, 3158, 3159, 3160, 3161, 3162, 3163, 3164, 3165, 3166, 3167, 3168, 3169, 3170, 3171, 3172, 3173, 3174, 3175, 3176, 3177, 3178, 3179, 3180, 3181, 3182, 3183, 3184, 3185, 3186, 3187, 3188, 3189, 3190, 3191, 3192, 3193, 3194, 3195, 3196, 3197, 3198, 3199, 3200, 3201, 3202, 3203, 3204, 3205, 3206, 3207, 3208, 3209, 3210, 3211, 3212, 3213, 3214, 3215, 3216, 3217, 3218, 3219, 3220, 3221, 3222, 3223, 3224, 3225, 3226, 3227, 3228, 3229, 3230, 3231, 3232, 3233, 3234, 3235, 3236, 3237, 3238, 3239, 3240, 3241, 3242, 3243, 3244, 3245, 3246, 3247, 3248, 3249, 3250, 3251, 3252, 3253, 3254, 3255, 3256, 3257, 3258, 3259, 3260, 3261, 3262, 3263, 3264, 3265, 3266, 3267, 3268, 3269, 3270, 3271, 3272, 3273, 3274, 3275, 3276, 3277, 3278, 3279, 3280, 3281, 3282, 3283, 3284, 3285, 3286, 3287, 3288, 3289, 3290, 3291, 3292, 3293, 3294, 3295, 3296, 3297, 3298, 3299, 3300, 3301, 3302, 3303, 3304, 3305, 3306, 3307, 3308, 3309, 3310, 3311, 3312, 3313, 3314, 3315, 3316, 3317, 3318, 3319, 3320, 3321, 3322, 3323, 3324, 3325, 3326, 3327, 3328, 3329, 3330, 3331, 3332, 3333, 3334, 3335, 3336, 3337, 3338, 3339, 3340, 3341, 3342, 3343, 3344, 3345, 3346, 3347, 3348, 3349, 3350, 3351, 3352, 3353, 3354, 3355, 3356, 3357, 3358, 3359, 3360, 3361, 3362, 3363, 3364, 3365, 3366, 3367, 3368, 3369, 3370, 3371, 3372, 3373, 3374, 3375, 3376, 3377, 3378, 3379, 3380, 3381, 3382, 3383, 3384, 3385, 3386, 3387, 3388, 3389, 3390, 3391, 3392, 3393, 3394, 3395, 3396, 3397, 3398, 3399, 3400, 3401, 3402, 3403, 3404, 3405, 3406, 3407, 3408, 3409, 3410, 3411, 3412, 3413, 3414, 3415, 3416, 3417, 3418, 3419, 3420, 3421, 3422, 3423, 3424, 3425, 3426, 3427, 3428, 3429, 3430, 3431, 3432, 3433, 3434, 3435, 3436, 3437, 3438, 3439, 3440, 3441, 3442, 3443, 3444, 3445, 3446, 3447, 3448, 3449, 3450, 3451, 3452, 3453, 3454, 3455, 3456, 3457, 3458, 3459, 3460, 3461, 3462, 3463, 3464, 3465, 3466, 3467, 3468, 3469, 3470, 3471, 3472, 3473, 3474, 3475, 3476, 3477, 3478, 3479, 3480, 3481, 3482, 3483, 3484, 3485, 3486, 3487, 3488, 3489, 3490, 3491, 3492, 3493, 3494, 3495, 3496, 3497, 3498, 3499, 350

Carrying capacity

Your excellent cover story of June 7, *The Spreading Cover Story*, illustrates a point that business geographers and revolutionaries Pierre Pélissier and revolutionary Pierre Pélissier Kropotkin made many years ago: the number of people that can grow on an acre of land should be determined by its carrying capacity in the worst year. You failed to mention, however, what the federal government has been doing for small-business people over the past two years. I hired 12 consultants for \$1.2 million to prepare a report with no firm conclusions.

JIM LOYD
Halifax

Apology

A copy of the above photograph appeared in the June 7, 1983, issue of Maclean's J&M Sport Shop Ltd. is not and never has been bankrupt or in any financial difficulty. Maclean's regrets any embarrassment that might have arisen as a result of the above picture appearing next to a story about bankruptcy.

Architectural clarifications

Regarding your Editorial of May 31, *Arthur Erickson's Legacy*, Why Mr. Duff's Note that Mr. Erickson did not know for two years he "would lose the job." This allegation has been denied repeatedly by Mr. Erickson. Secondly, Mr. Erickson did not at various times name three different associates to do the actual design details. We contacted three key staff members for this project in our written submission. During our oral presentation four months later we advised that one of the three would not be available for this project because he had since been assigned other responsibilities. (As the manager of the Toronto office, with the responsibility of assigning people to projects, I can state that at no time did I

offer the position of project architect for this embassy to Mr. Charles Givoli, and Mr. Erickson made no request as that director.) Further, I find it hard to believe that the chairman of an architectural "selection" panel would make such ungrounded remarks as "an embassy is not like designing a suburban or a world's fair pavilion. It's a functional building." The inference here is that Mr. Erickson normally indulges in designs of less functional buildings that take less effort and therefore can be dreamed up on the back of an envelope on an aircraft. Any one familiar with architecture would realize that an architect such as Ray Thompson Hall is a functional complex building. Incidentally, I would regard the ability to work creatively in the confines of a jet aircraft as an admirable skill.

—KEITH LOFTLER
Director of Operations,
Arthur Erickson Architects,
Toronto

Technology on a pedestal

Congratulations to Oves Grey for his editorial insight (*Taking a New Look at the Old*, *Postcard*, June 7). The present trend of placing technology on a pedestal at the expense of the humanistic education necessary to use it to the benefit of society is a concern we should all share.

—JOHN MCNEILL
Regina

PASSAGES

DEED The Great Imposter, Fredson Woods Denman Jr., 68, following a heart attack in an Anaheim, Calif., hospital, Denman had little education but he posed as a Trappist monk, adepth of psychology, a dean of philosophy, a teacher and an assistant warden, often borrowing the identification of living people. During the Korean War he served as a surgeon lieutenant aboard the Royal Canadian Navy destroyer escort *Osage*. Bailed as a lifeguard by six crew, Denman successfully performed various operations, once removing a bullet from near a patient's heart, before he was found out and deported.

DEED Profile and self-destruct to West German film director, Rainer Werner Fassbinder, 36, in his Munich home (Page 54).

DEED Leroy Robert (Satchel) Paige, about 75, legendary "amusement" pitcher and folk hero, in his Kansas City, Mo., home. Paige was once described by Joe Judge as a "Pitching Devil" as the best pitcher they had ever seen. But, because he was black, Paige had to play out most of his career in the Negro leagues of the 1920s and 1930s. By the time he followed Jackie Robinson across the color barrier in 1948, Paige was in his 40s. He pitched his last major league game in 1964 when he was close to 60 years of age. The author of an autobiography, *Satchel* (F. Pitts Perry), and the famous Satchel Paige's Big Show, for a *Friday Light* would never suffer from loss of age. The always was trained to get out, has birth certificate.

DEED Kenneth Reisch, 70, award-winning author, poet, critic and one-time head poet who founded the San Francisco Poetry Center with Allen Ginsberg and Lawrence Ferlinghetti in the late 1950s, at his Montecito, Calif., home. Known as one of America's most political and erudite poets, Reisch spent his youth studying painting in New York and Chicago, where he became familiar with the so-called Bohemian Renaissance. Although he was regarded as the father of the beat generation's ideas, Reisch later renounced the group as vulgar and artistically mediocre.

REICHEN Yves Langlois, 34, the last of the Front de Libération du Québec members suspected of the October, 1980, kidnapping of British trade commissioner James Cross, to face the Quebec courts after 12 years in exile. Langlois, alias Pierre Seguin, was immediately charged with kidnapping, conspiracy, feasible detestation and extortion, by Montreal police.



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The doctors' plight unimpressed

Physician Host Thy Government (Podman, May 30) is a classic example of someone trying to distract attention from his own clown by raving about someone else's shortcomings. The way Dr. McLean compares his hourly earnings from his net income is very interesting. Does he expect people to compare their gross hourly rate with his net hourly rate and conclude that doctors are earning only two to three times more than the average worker (range of five to 10 times, or more)? As for the number of hours doctors work, he need not expect farmers, small-business people and many others who work long hours for less pay to be impressed. "The other identifiable wage-earning group fared so poorly," he says. Well, I wish to "identify" a very large group of wage earners who indeed fared worse than doctors: consumer workers.

—PATRICIA BELAN,
Ottawa, Ont.

It is about time we heard the other side. I have long maintained that it is naive and a damn sight cheaper to have a doctor attend your sick child on a Sunday than it is to beg a plumber to come and fix your toilet.

—A. H. W. WATTS,
Ottawa

Does Dr. John D. McLean expect sympathy because he earns a net income only three times the average? Why do doctors in North America suggest that they are entitled to elite status? They are educated at public expense in Canada and use hospitals funded out of public money. They do interesting work, will never be unemployed and receive salaries that carefully maximize the effects of inflation. Aspiration is not that that can only be unimpressed and proud. We do welcome McLean's statement of concern about government underfunding of the health care system, however. It is the first statement from a privately practicing physician on a subject other than income that I have heard in a long time.

—TED FREEDMAN,
West Vancouver

Villeneuve deserved more

I was both surprised and greatly disappointed by the lack of coverage you gave the tragic death of Gilles Villeneuve. That perhaps the greatest driver to sit behind the wheel of a racing car—certainly the greatest Canadian driver—should pass away with a mere mention in your *Postings* column of May 17 is a sad commentary on your appreciation of the man and the sport.

—ROBERT HANCO,
Toronto

A taste of honey

I still think Fotheringham's column on Robert Stanfield, when he stepped down as leader of the Conservative party, was the best he has written, but the May 30 column on Peter C. Newman is a close second. Fotheringham is the first page read in this house. It is most refreshing when he occasionally dips his pen in honey.

—J. A. BODOLICK,
Penticton, B.C.

Sharing blame for accidents

There is only one way to protect workers on the job (*Fallout From Four Deaths*, Justice, May 30): that is for the company management to realize safety—and profitability—concerns go hand in hand. In fact, safety enhances other areas of performance. Regulations and government agencies have never worked. The Occupational Safety and Health Administration isn't working in the United States; the Occupational Health and Safety Act in Ontario is no better and obviously the British Columbia Workers' Compensation Board isn't either. To blame the victim totally for an accident also caused by management, supervisors and workers is ludicrous.

—DANIEL WENTWORTH,
Port Elgin, Ont.

Health care monopoly

The *Expanding Crisis in Medicine* (Health, May 17) was timely, informative and sobering. However, it plodded over one important point that doctors enjoy—and are abusing—a legislated monopoly on health care. If there were more nurse practitioners, a system of licensed midwives and other medical personnel who cost less, in each of the case loads of doctors, then there really would be free insurance.

—BARBARA SATCHEL,
Medicine Hat, Alta.

Mistaken identity

Doubtless the sorry state of the Montreal Alouettes has been a matter of grave concern for Nelson Stalbania (*Physician Through a Mirror*, Sports, May 30). I agree devoutly, however, that the scrum had caused most of his back to fall out, not that his nerves were so shattered that he started smoking.

—DAVID WENTWORTH,

Vancouver
(McLean's mistakenly identified a photograph of Charles Brockhouse as Nelson Stalbania.)

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply names, addresses and telephone numbers. Mail correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, 181 University Ave., Toronto, Ont. M5W 1A7.

Ill-through the park

By Catherine Ford

Living in the front yard of a picture postcard occasionally makes Calgary bleak. We know all the details. We've heard the collective intake of eastern breath at that first glorious view of the mountains on a sunny spring day. But this Calgary—and I sensed I'm not alone—regards a weekend trip to the Rockies with the kind of horror reserved only for Stampede week, when the native Calgaryites try to arrange a trip to Aho Dike or Kinsmen.

Oh, we do "go to the mountains," with the casualness that comes from being close, but we go midweek. Sometimes midnight. Anything to avoid that excruciating excuse for a highway that, like a travel brochure, lures the unsuspecting with false promises. "Only an hour from Calgary" is the standard promise. It isn't that the brochures lie. The mountains are just one hour from Calgary. Getting into, out of, or through Banff is the least reason in another matter entirely.

Four lanes of inviting blacktop lead straight from the edge of Calgary to the east gates of Banff National Park. But there, within reaching distance of the town of Banff, the divided highway narrows to two lanes, and it seems that all the park's right-minded animal violators are trying to get there, or get home, the same day. A 30-km backup is par for the course. Far more alarming than the short snippets of Calgary stuck in traffic, though, is the message so what has been called the worst stretch of highway in the country. In 1989 alone there were 233 traffic accidents, with nine people killed along this relatively short stretch of road. In 1991 the fatalities rose to 12, not to mention the thousands of animal deaths in recent years.

Kilometre after kilometre, weaving along behind the motor homes and campers from Nova Scotia, Ontario and Manitoba (serious drivers logging the mountains all), sitting exhaust and settling, the Calgary driver sighs—as he has for years—why this miserable road has not yet been widened. Lord knows, governments keep promising. Ten years ago the first solid proposal that the road be widened was made by national and provincial park associations. And nothing happened. Then, two years ago, Public Works Canada recommended widening the highway, largely because traffic was increasing five to six per cent each year. But plans stalled

for the decade-long highway to be opened along the 83 km between the east entrance of the national park through to the traffic circle just outside Banff, with plans, eventually, to twin the highway another 14 km through to Sunshine, the most popular ski area. Plans for quick action were logged down by hearings before the Environmental Assessment Review Board and the extraction of funds from Treasury Board. Today 5.5 km between the park entrance and the traffic circle outside Banff have been cleared. Not paved, cleared. And the completion of this 13-km stretch alone is a year and a half away.

Completion of the second stage is six or seven years away, not likely to happen before the 1998 Winter Olympic Games, which will give even more four-lane to that stretch of highway. Also not scheduled until the second stage is

If they wanted to maintain Banff as wilderness, why was the Trans-Canada built through the middle of it?

the replacement of the fabled traffic circle with a less hazardous interchange. To make matters worse, the widening of the 83 km between Sunshine and Lake Louise—the true "killer" stretch—is yet to be considered. For the rest, environmentalists and tourism developers are still at each other's throats. And though the conservationists have been arguing for years, that time they're almost happy. In the recently completed environmental hearings they have secured from Public Works a promise of fences and underpasses for the wildlife to cross the canyon. Unfortunately, the fences encourage will continue.

Much of the delay must be blamed on Parks Canada, influenced by well-meaning, but unrealistic, conservationists who have suggested such strange solutions as looking for another route for the Trans-Canada Highway. This, when the fact of life around Banff is that the environment has been thoroughly, completely and irrevocably estranged for years, and all the screaming in the world won't change that fact. For years people have been asking why,

if Parks Canada wanted to maintain the park as a wilderness area, was the Trans-Canada Highway built smack through the middle of it?

Now that the highway is there, why are we looking ourselves? Why are we paying lip service to the preservation of something that was destroyed years ago? Why make it so abysmally inconvenient for people? There are thousands upon thousands of roadkill, untouched, untrammelled acres in the Rockies. Why fret about a few kilometres of land already littered with beer bottles with graffiti-spiced mountain-side and crowded with recreational vehicles and weekend bikers? If environmentalists want to blame anyone for the rape of the countryside, they could start with W.C. Van Horne, general manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway when the federal government in 1885 reserved 10 square miles (the park is now 2,584 square miles) for Canada's first national park. He wanted to regulate as the scenery and encourage rich tourists to see the new railway, and when he personally chose the site for the original five-story wooden Banff Springs Hotel, the wooded tourist town was in full swing.

The fight between preservation and promotion is nothing new. In 1904 Banff residents were concerned in getting an order-in-council passed prohibiting automobiles in the park. Calgary was upset mainly because there wasn't a possible road through to Banff until 1909. But by 2005 a diagnosis of Calgary motorists had become soverely to have all roads and access routes opened up. They've been looking about driving into, around, past and through Banff ever since, while the traffic continues to take its toll.

At least now some attention is being paid to saving people, although even the optimist would not predict that finally widening the highway through the park would do more than keep a few steps behind the increase in traffic. While we debate over the future of Canada's oldest national park, mountains, mountain streams and summer ruins will again this year wash the blood away from the asphalt shoulders into the grassy ditches, safely concealed from visitors' natural and conscious eyes. Then is the hidden reality of the conflict between nature and civilization.

Catherine Ford is an editorial writer and columnist for The Calgary Herald.

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CANADA

Pierre's dilemma, at home and abroad

By Ian Anderson

Pierre Trudeau found when Ronald Reagan arrived late for a routine group photo of NATO leaders assembled in Bonn last week "Where's the president?" someone asked. "It's gone home," Canada's prime minister snapped. They he snatched away from the other 14 waiting leaders to pull some leaves from a nearby bush. Returning when the U.S. president appeared, Trudeau took a new position at the back of the group, but on stage with the others.

After 13 years on the world stage Trudeau is finding his century has not won him the position of authority he seems to desire. In fact, he may even find that his views currently carry disturbingly little international weight. In a keynote address to the NATO leaders and officials in the West German parliament, Trudeau advised the Americans that "contrary to present policy—they should not seek to link or couple secondary objectives (such as trade and civil rights) with arms and disarmament." Although the speech had not been passed on in advance, and its admission was new to U.S. officials, Reagan appeared unimpressed. For Trudeau spoke, the president must be seen scribbling a note to British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. U.S. officials later dismissed Trudeau's initiative as irrelevant—particularly since the summit communiqué had been prepared a week earlier with participation by Canadian officials. "We're not looking for disagreement with Prime Minister Trudeau," said Ambassador to Ottawa Richard Burt.

Trudeau, too, may not have been looking for disagreements but he faced them regularly during an 11-day European visit, which took him first to London, then to the Big Seven economic summit in Versailles. Afterwards he travelled to Bonn and Rome before

flying to Yugoslavia for a three-day state visit. Canada's Jewish community was angered by his harsh condemnation of Israel's invasion (his Lebanon, which, according to Trudeau, failed "the duties of violence and hatred in the Middle East"). At the same time his expressions of disappointment with U.S. economic policy after the Versailles conference and his hints from abroad of possible changes in Canada's policy angered the opposition at home. "What in the world is the prime minister talking about?" Tory leader Joe

- removal of some taxes on building materials
- job-creation measures in the construction industry
- interest-free assistance to farmers
- easing of foreign investment rules to allow more firms to escape government scrutiny
- key tax changes to aid the beleaguered business community (including doubling capital cost allowances and granting further incentives to purchase stock in Canada's major companies)

Cabinet is also on the brink of imposing a pay freeze on members of Parliament and may soon announce a freeze or—more likely—a 10-per-cent, ceiling on public-service wage increases.

The task of putting a final stamp on an economic package will be a harder return to reality for the prime minister after his stint of wowing and dining with Europe's royalty and political brass. While he enjoys that part of his travels, Trudeau appeared sadly alienated from events at the Bonn NATO summit. In a rambling discourse during a puzzling press conference, he dismissed the meeting as little more than a rubber-stamp exercise (involving the same kind of "veneer words" he had experienced the previous weekend) at the Versailles economic summit. "It won't be otherwise if 16 heads of state and



NATO leaders including Reagan (left), Thatcher (right) and Trudeau (front) assemble for group photo in Bonn. Little international weight.

Clark demanded in the House of Commons "Why is he holding us that hope of change six weeks from now, six months from now or whenever?"

In fact, Trudeau's learned that a package of significant economic adjustments was being prepared for the prime minister's approval. A cabinet consensus appeared to be forming around a bundle of measures designed to boost sagging monetary confidence. Among the likely developments:

- help for the housing industry through interest-free assistance to buyers of lower-priced homes

government have four or five hours to talk about the alliance," he complained. Trudeau's apparent dissatisfaction with summitry could be attributed in part to his now fully formed belief that the Reagan administration is rapidly re-committed to deeply conservative economic and foreign policies. Canadian officials are quick to state their conviction that any approach softening by Reagan on negotiating disarmament is primarily a reaction to public opinion polls and does not really indicate any real change in attitude.

But for another reason Canadian officials were not surprised that their views had gone largely unnoticed within

AVO Duce senior official suggested that Canada's steady neglect of its armed forces through the 1970s had given the country a reputation with its allies in the Atlantic of being a peace-loving, non-militaristic nation. Trudeau's interventions at the Versailles conference had also fallen with a hollow thud. After that meeting he had philosophized that the "only way for a big country to fight inferior ones" was the tight-fisted policies of Thatcher and Reagan, "which create untold misery." But his views were not reflected in the final statement of the summit. Besides, the Canadian Forces are not the only ones in Canada's inflation rate.⁷⁷ After Versailles and Bonn Canadian delegates know they will have to get their own house in order before any peace is

With Trudeau away in Europe, Finance Minister Allan Rock was not indulging in any moral lectures in the House of Commons. Instead, he was attempting to cobble together some kind of agreement within cabinet on how to reconstitute the economy that was not easy. The dollar fell below 80 cents

With cabinet apparently in agreement on a number of programs to boost the economy, it was also considering ways to pay for them. One possibility is the elimination of monthly payments on

such social benefits as the family allowance cheque, which would instead simply be added to the year-end child tax credit. That way, upper-income families would not qualify for federal assistance. As so possible is a temporary halt in the indexing of such social assistance payments as the old age security cheque. Cabinet is more likely, however, to try to replace across-the-board



MacEcheran, a new economic package is being prepared.

But with few fiscal tools at their disposal in an unemployment- and in-

fallen-prone economy. Trufkin strategists were also talking about an "exercise in leadership" that would attempt to bring unions and business together with government in a national effort to

pet the nation back on its feet. There is scant evidence, however, that Canadians are prepared to make any sacrifices at all for the country's present leadership. A Gallup poll taken in early May and released June 9 shows Liberal support at 33 per cent of decided voters, with the Conservatives backed by 44 per cent—their best showing since November 1978—and the New Democrats in

2 per cent. More anxious for the Liberals was the fact that the usually high level of undecided voters had shrunk—and swung to the Tories. Liberal strategists gloomily predict that Joe Clark's Tories will use every trick this summer to make Parliament unworkable and force an early election that the Liberals probably could not win.

...and when it is this leadership
...to begin? The choice
...of speakers at the Bonn
...summit had not all been
...heard from when, suddenly, the
...Saudi Arabian Foreign Affairs
...minister arrived from Riyadh.
...West German Chancellor Hel-
...mut Schmidt rushed out to greet
...Prince Saud al-Faisal, and the
...meeting effectively ended.
...In the wake of concern over Is-
...rael's rejection of Lebanon, the
...Arabians had an even better
...hold of the Saudi mission, a
...sight that was being

Trudeau's attempt to grab attention at his press conference minutes later. But even his most outspoken comments went largely unnoticed in a world too busy and too worried for philosophizing. The exercise in leadership would have to wait at home.

With Mary-Jane on Olaya,

Beyond immediate changes, however, the battle also stands as a warning of hard-line politics. Long before the March race-up the Liberals offered to split the bill into two separate bills. After 48 hours, after the Conservatives came to power the Conservatives accepted an offer that ran along the same lines. In turn, the Liberals are not likely to bundle bills into large legislative packages again. "The battle was a success in terms of making this place function a little better," says Conservative MP Harvie Andre. "We pretty much did our only available tactic was a very blunt instrument. But I don't think we're going to see this type of exercise again, whereby a group of bureaucrats goes out and puts together a program to

—Marty Jurek as Ottobro

BRITISH COLUMBIA

The long show in court 53

By Malcolm Gray

The airport, most expensive trial in British Columbia's history had its beginnings in an accidental meeting between a heroin dealer and a policeman. In May, 1970, Peter Semenza was about to travel from Toronto to Vancouver for a drug deal when he spotted an officer he knew at the airport. The jittery Semenza did not get on the plane. Instead, he left the airport and drove to Windsor, Ont., before doubling back to Toronto and making a frust to Vancouver—all the while checking to see if he was being followed. Mr.

so if he was being followed. He was then taken to Vancouver, where he was held in the basement of Giovanni Magliardi and then jumped him, expecting to find heroin. Instead, they found a fat rat of 160—224.300—and realized that they had found themselves a seller, not a buyer. Semlitz was then taken to the Vancouver Middle East and transported it to Vancouver via Italy (where it was refined into heroin) and Toronto rather than the typical Canadian route, which involves Southeast Asian opium arriving in Vancouver via Mexico and crossing the country. Police released Semlitz and began an intensive 18-month operation to track the route and break the ring. Finally, in October, 1980, 29 people, including Semlitz, were arrested in the largest Peruvian cocaine seizure in U.S. history.

[illegible]

ing his guilt in his absence required much more evidence and lengthened the trial, and Crown Counsel Brian Purdy, who lost 51 of his 253 in getting in shape for the case.

Purdy's weight loss and Gallo's disappearance were only two of the trial's shocking events. Coonroe, 33, was



1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26



Gulls: the proper diagnosis

wired (at a cost of \$24,000) for a sound-and-light show, with 17 television sets and huge stereo speakers beamed in. That allowed everyone to see videotapes of meetings and drug sales made during the long surveillance and hear more than 300 wiretapped telephone conversations.

The star of it all was NCW undercover man Douglas Payne (recently promoted to staff sergeant for his efforts), who spent months stalking about in a clerk, audit topcoat, faking large amounts of money to convince people he was a big drug dealer from New York. Sometimes the NCW's legendary name

plucking made that difficult, and he needed all his ailing ability in July 1989, when he went to Toronto to buy 227 grams of high-quality heroin for \$180,000. The Mounties had only authorized \$50,000 for the buy. Payne improvised and set up a phone call (to a female member of the force), managed to convince the officers that his female accomplice had taken him for \$50,000. His act went over, and he was allowed to buy just half the heroin.

Papine was also involved in the bizarre hunt that ended the investigation on Oct. 8, 1980, but the way that happened had him sweating for a while. He wanted to start one of the rumpsteakers, Mike Magiano, in a downtown Vancouver hotel room and exchange \$500 for 500 grams of heroin. One of the deal's conditions was to require that the deal take place in the area where Mike undercover worked. He was there more in Magiano, though, because everybody got by making Papine accompany him in a car to another exchange point in East Vancouver. On the way he insisted on stopping at a gas station, washrooms and searching Papine to make sure he was not carrying a tape recorder. Papine was not upset at being searched, but he was annoyed that he never and wined—it was too dangerous. Besides there were other policemen nearby following them.

The police man then met another officer, Giuseppe Rinal, in a parking lot. The deal was set and Payne took his belongings off—the signal for the police to move in. Nothing happened, not even when he got out of the car and stood in the parking lot toying with his new glasses. He was on his own. Mignacca had managed to leave the undercover car trailing him and he was arrested only after he had negligently driven Payne back downtown where the rest of the undercover force was still waiting for something to happen. Rinal was picked up 90 minutes later, but it took the police more days to find the house in which he had hidden in an alley near the parking lot.

The trial, that started out with 20 accused crowding the front of the courtroom finally moved after six days of deliberation by jurors who had been away from their jobs for more than a year. Two people were acquitted, 25 were convicted and Crown Counsel Parry decided that there was not enough evidence to proceed against 11 major participants. Mario Magnum was sentenced to 18 years in prison, Giuseppe Tassi and Giovanni Gagliardi both got 16 years, and other convicted conspirators, including Peter Senatore, will be sentenced later this month.

The Italian Connection has been broken, and even though police know it has not stopped the sale of heroin, they are satisfied at having won a big one. ☺

One man's joke is another man's slur

The tall, lean man sat twirling restlessly through the week-long hearings, deftly waving a T-shirt emblazoned with a caricature of his own shaven head and the self-admitted nickname that got him in to this



William Kopyk in front of Hanky Bink's: the mood was tense

trouble—Hanky Bink and the bouncers before the RC Human Rights Branch charging that his use of the nickname was derogatory to his fellow Ukrainians, were, ironically, being held in a basement meeting room in Vancouver's Robson Square directly beneath Hanky Bink's House of Projects. As he listened uncomfortably, William Kopyk, 51, beard wiseman after witness say he has made the trademark of his fire-breathing pogon, cabbage rolls and other popular Ukrainian specialties.

For his part, Kopyk contends that no one complained when he first opened a booth at the Pacific National Exhibition under the Hanky Bink name in 1987. Nor were there any complaints five years later when he successfully applied for a federal trademark. There are now

In 1990 the Ukrainian Canadian Professional and Business Association was forced to take on Kopyk's ill members want to see his head \$5,000, his company hit with another \$5,000 fine and, of course, his restaurant given a new name.

Some of last week's exchanges between the contending lawyers, witnesses and the chairman had a bizarre quality. "Is there a freedom to analyze racist?" wondered (Irish-born) Doreen Owen-Flood. He also raised the issue of whether there was much difference between an "Irishman" calling a famous pub "Paddy's Pub" and Kopyk operating his restaurant under the name Hanky Bink. "There is no right to slander oneself," he argued, one slanderer an entire ethnic group, that back Aubrey Threlkeld, a lawyer who grew up as did Kopyk in Winnipeg, which has a large Ukrainian population.

Kopyk is now accused of violating sections of the province's human rights code that prohibit the publication or display of anything that would incite discrimination—or the intent to discriminate. Arguing for one liberalist or Art 22, he is asking for the city's Chinese community. "If a restaurant tried to set up under the name 'Chinky' or 'Lao's' I think they would feel the same right here in front of the Human Rights Branch."

He was supported by Agnes Krupka, a former member of the B.C. legislature of Ukrainian descent who also grew up in Winnipeg, where she said, "I heard 'hanky' and 'binky' were never used in a positive way." In the dry atmosphere of the hearing, racial insults (even though spoken carefully in quotation marks) produced a stifled atmosphere. Kopyk himself believes he will be allowed to keep the name on his restaurants, but, even if he loses this fight, his nickname won't vanish entirely from the scene. William Kopyk is also the owner of a restaurant familiar at Vancouver's Blackstone Park, not to mention tracks in Toronto and Florida. It is named Hanky Bink.

—MALCOLM GALT in Vancouver

ALBERTA

How a rapist has terrified a city

In the sunny foothill boom city of Calgary, there are looked upon as large. The sale of security devices and large dogs has skyrocketed. Serendipitously, self-defence courses is up dramatically. Women cautiously check their homes as they enter them; some see even carrying water pistols loaded with ammonia. An anonymous local businessman has offered a \$150,000 reward, and the city has pledged to another \$15,000 to end the terror. The fear gripping Calgary stems from the inability of police to track down a brutal rapist who has struck eight times in the past seven weeks and, unlike his wife, will strike again. The biggest concern is that he will resort to murder.

"Until this animal is behind bars, no one is safe," declared the Calgary Sun.

A psychiatrist says the rapist has a grudge against a particular woman—and all women are paying for it

"All you bleeding hearts out there, who preach rehabilitation and minor discipline, be quiet for once.... This person is the best argument we have for capital punishment. He does not deserve a free."

But, so far, the police are stumped. Although they are moving up to 500 calls a day, they do not even have a good description of the attacker. "We're starting to feel the pressure," says Sgt. Al Messner, who heads the Criminal Investigation Division. "We're getting somewhere, but just in little bits." Adds Sgt. Phil Gaudy-Jones: "His identity is a baffling problem. We don't know how he picked up his new name at the last minute. But one of these days, he'll slip up."

The first rape occurred April 30, when the man entered a house in the downtown Bridgeland neighborhood at 1 a.m., raped two teenagers, slashed their throats and chests and fled. Since then there have been six other rapes. In a particularly vicious attack on June 3, the man raped a 29-year-old woman and her middle-aged mother after tying up the older woman's crippled husband. He had crawled through the back window, armed with a pistol. Before he left he set fire to the house.

The darkness of night and a mask

that the rapist was during the day have had no effect as well that police do not have enough information to put together a composite drawing. Generally he is described as a man in his mid-20s, about six feet tall, weighing 150 lb, with brown hair and dark eyes. Police are particularly interested in tracking down a fugitive now slayer, Harvey Andrew, who escaped March 11 from an Edmonton penitentiary. Andrew was serving a life sentence for the brutal rape and murder in 1976 of a Windsor, B.C., woman.

Calgary psychiatrist John Arbolino-Flores, who is helping prepare a psychological profile of the assailant, says he studies his victims carefully, caring their homes before striking. The attacks has a major groove against a particular woman—and all women are paying for it," Arbolino-Flores has concluded.

Calgary, of course, is not alone in experiencing the horrors of violent sex crimes. In Toronto, for instance, police still have no leads in the May 28 murder of 19-year-old cheerleader Jenny Ireland, whose almost nude body was found on a lawn near her parents' home on a quiet suburban street. But the Calgary crimes have galvanised the city, and most community meetings brought together 400 people—more than half of them men—to discuss their concerns.

There are growing fears that publicity may be encouraging the rapist or promoting "copycats." Nonetheless, Calgary police believe that widespread public concern will eventually lead to the attacker's arrest. So far the women of Calgary can only hope that it is true. —GORDON LALOR in Calgary

loop, Ray Palsky with reporters at the scene of a rape: a creek by day



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British tank force officers: Thatcher maintained it was unlikely to engage despite the costly mistake

WORLD

The noose tightens on Port Stanley

By Jane O'Hare

The attack went in before dawn in a wiper on the morning of a week of weary frustration, nagging doubt and waning frustration. Under cover of darkness, several thousand British tank troops crept from their soggy forward positions to launch a silent threat. Dazed by sleep and the sudden shock of battle, the Argentines still fought back stubbornly. But by day's end the British, having advanced up to 2 km, were digging in only 8 km from the outskirts of Port Stanley. In London the ministry of defence reported all objectives taken. Argentines casualties were said to be heavy, with at least 340 prisoners. Losses in the British assault force were said to be "light." Said a relieved Defence Secretary John Nott, quoting chief of operations, Admiral Sir John Foulkes: "It was a brilliant surprise attack."

Nott's demeanor at his Saturday evening press conference was in marked contrast to his stonewalling in the House of Commons two days earlier.

Then, he had defiantly declined to give details of Britain's worst setback in its 18-week campaign to retake the Falkland Islands. Bluster in the week, in the closing stages of a landing of elements of the brigade sent from England on the Queen Elizabeth 2, at Bluff Cove, in Pterry Sound. British ships had been caught once more with inadequate air support by marauding Argentine Skyhawks and Stingrays. In the days that followed, as details of the debacle leaked past the tight-lipped ministry of defence, the British public had grown uneasy at the extent of the losses. Their disgust was echoed in a series of critical Fleet Street editorials "wrenching the truth it is to calculate worse, which can rarely do more damage," reemphasized the Conservative Sunday Telegraph. And the serious mood was only reinforced by vague government assessments that the setbacks would not lengthen what already seemed an interminable wait for the expected offensive against Stanley.

At the start of the week, as the foul weather eased and British paratroopers

stood poised atop the high ground to the west of the capital, it seemed only a matter of hours before a final assault would be launched to retake the capital. But the expected advance in the probable war never took place, even though the garrisons were powered by the guns of Royal Navy frigates and bombs from Harrier jets almost nightly. Instead, it was the Argentine forces that took the offensive, dealing British reinforcements a severe setback in the last since the May 31 loss of 33 lives in the destroyer HMS Coventry and the supply ship Atlantic Conveyor.

Once again it was the junta's air force that struck the body blow, as four jets roared in from behind a ridge on the shore, bombing and strafing British ships near Pterry, 25 km southwest of Stanley. Ministry of defence sources admitted that the attack was Britain's "blackest day" since the outbreak of the undeclared war 18 weeks ago but would not detail the casualties. However, British government sources put the death toll on the Gary British ship at 66, with 128 wounded. The British had "got

sought with their pants down," said retired U.S. Admiral Stansfield Turner, who, along with many others, wondered why the assault had gone in unprotected.

In its early and startling disclosure of details of the action, the ministry said the 1,500-ton frigate Plymouth and two 1,070-ton assault ships the Sir Tristram and Sir Galahad, had been damaged by enemy bombs and rockets, with two Argentine jets shot down. After an eerie silence—with fears heightened by a fortress request to retake out to telephone casualty numbers—Defence Secretary Nott testified to Parliament that exposing the losses "could be of benefit to the enemy and put our own men at greater risk." But that did little to assuage the fears of anxious relatives waiting for news of their sons and husbands 15,000 km away.

News of the debate might not have surfaced for weeks had it not been for Independent Television News reporter Michael Nicholson. It was his apartment description, which the company admitted had slipped through their net, that alerted Britain to their country's plight. As they turned on the evening news bulletin June 8, they heard Nicholson describe the horrific configuration that followed the headlong of the two assault ships, little more than ferries, almost only with 40-mm machine guns. "I saw one swim underwater away from the ship to avoid the burning oil," said Nicholson. He went on to describe diving rescue attempts

by Sea King helicopter pilots.

While Britain reeled from the shock of the latest setback, tens of thousands of Argentines celebrated this feat of arms at a national day ceremony reaffirming Argentina's sovereignty over Las Malvinas. The flag-waving continued on Friday when Pope John Paul II arrived in Buenos Aires on a heavily arranged one-day visit to offset his recent tour in Britain. Close to three million citizens and 30,000 security forces—almost four times the number occupying the Falklands—lined the

Despite their losses the British were in a favorable position to make their final assault on Stanley

38-km papal route from Elima airport to the Metropolitan Cathedral. At a solemn outdoor mass held in the freezing rain the Pope pleaded for "a just and lasting peace." As he spoke, the official Telem news agency was claiming a total British death toll of 2,000, with 27 ships put out of action and 60 aircraft destroyed. The high spirits in Buenos Aires, however, were in stark contrast to the islands as Argentine forces on the islands as portrayed in an interrupted radio message, a 690 listening post in Chile picked up a report from military

governor Mario Menéndez in Stanley to his high command that said that the British advance had made it impossible to relieve troops who were promised they would be sent home. Menéndez: "If things go on like this, our situation could crumble rapidly."

Indeed, despite their losses at Pterry and Bluff Cove, Britain's land forces—after units of Royal Marines, paratroopers, Guards and Commandos—were in a favorable position to make their final assault on the Stanley garrison. In Britain, after a meeting with her war cabinet, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher witnessed that "all the indications" were that the estimated 7,000 Argentine troops would not surrender. She also warned that "heavy casualties" would likely ensue from the battle for Stanley. But she firmly rejected Labour Leader Michael Foot's suggestion that Britain reopen negotiations at the United Nations. Michael of Britain's mounting losses, Thatcher maintained that it would be "unthinkable" to negotiate unless the Argentines withdrew their troops. "That would be a betrayal of those we have called upon to make great sacrifices," she told.

Thatcher's gloomy prediction for the impending battle were offset by the arrival in Southampton of the 48 2, the luxury liner that had ferried 3,500 troops in the islands more than a month ago. Leaving the docks of the ship were 646 survivors from the Country, Argentinian and Antarctic, which had been deemed by Argentine leaders as the faraway war. They were greeted by 2

The Pope with Galtieri in Buenos Aires (left); British light tanks digging in a stark contrast in morale on the Falklands



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family members, a sea of fluttering Union Jacks and a red carpet as they walked down the gangway.

The post-ride celebration took Britain's mind off the rising death toll of the past few days at least temporarily. And news of Shaland's successful attack, reinforced the change of mood. First indications of the attack came in a bulletin from the Argentine high command. Radio and television coverage of Pope John Paul II's final mass was interrupted for a brief communique. It said: "At dawn today, English forces started a ground attack on Argentine positions in the Puerto Argentino (Port Stanley) area. Heavy fighting is presently taking place." Military sources in Buenos Aires said that two civilians had been killed in the aerial bombardment that preceded the attack.

In London the defence ministry issued a terse disclaimer. A spokesman recalled merely that the ministry never commented on Argentine reports. But it was inferred later that Thatcher had ver-

ified the Falklands operational headquarters in southern Newcastle for a briefing from Sir John Fieldhouse, knighted last week for his services. And Not was said to be hurrying to London to issue his statement.

The British attack was reported to have closely followed the pattern of a probing operation carried out several days earlier. Then a large force of paratroopers swept within hailing distance of key Argentine positions and withdrew undetected. In the early hours of Saturday, assault troops paraded in Argentine forward posts. "The first they knew of the attack was when they woke up staring down the barrel of a gun," said one military source. He said that the operation was carried out with great professionalism and stealth. There was fighting, but the Argentines "soon realized their position was hopeless." No further details, however, were offered.

For its part, Britain's army acknowledged that the attack had penetrated

Sir Thomson before the air attack: Britain's blackest day of the war



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the outer defense ring around Stanley that it used that the British forces had been chased after an advance of 3.5 km to Monte Langdon and Elmer, overlooking Stanley. Argentine artillery duels and mortar fire were in progress. Calculating the losses, the Argentine high command used a Harrier jump jet that had been downed and another damaged.

As the British moved closer to Stanley, there were also increasing fears about the safety of the estimated 300 civilians believed to be remaining in the Falklands capital. On Sunday the British national Red Cross appealed to both sides to create a neutral zone in the town, where those civilians who have not already fled could seek refuge from the worm about to envelop them.

At last, the British offensive was headed as the final offensive against Stanley. But as Sunday dawned, it was clear that that operation was still to come. Indeed, as has been the case so often in the conflict, the British seemed to have reached one hammer only to face a larger one ahead. And that process seemed to stretch far into the future. Even with Stanley in British hands, there would remain the task of expelling the Argentine garrison on West Falkland—and after that the military problem of backing the islands.

All week, too, the debate continued about the islands' political and economic future. Prominent in the controversy, The Times' respected columnist, C. Gordon Tetter, encapsulated the view of British leaders who would avoid "appeasement" with a head-line refusal to accept any post-victory plan leading to Argentine sovereignty.

Tetter dismissed the claims of doves such as David the secessionist Party leadership minister, Roy Jenkins, who argued in a recent Times article that "without a negotiated settlement there is no prospect of ending the economic stagnation of the Falklands." Acknowledging that, anyone capitulating would "only drive deeper the hatreds, and that the area's oil and gas development might suffer, Tetter insisted that the capital goal needed to ensure the tiny population of a prosperous future would be negligible.

But much optimism was not universal. Day by day, the human face of tragedy continued to surface in the weekly lists. As Thatcher continued to speak of defending the islands' individuality, and the Argentine junta countered with talk of pursuing the conflict even after a defeat at Stanley, it was left to a British Labour MP to ask the disheartening question that has been more and more on British minds in Britain: presiding over a vacuum in the South Atlantic?

With Carol Kennedy in London and William Leonard in Washington

CHAD

The rebels take control

There was no resistance and little mourning last week when Hissène Habré, longtime defense minister turned insurgent leader, installed himself in the presidential residence at N'djamena, the capital of Chad. But, as the palace's former tenant, Goukouni Oueddei, fled across the Chari river to Cameroon, the city dwellers did take part in some fairly harmless celebratory looting. Even a handful of senior civil servants greeted the takeover with jubilation. They had not been paid for months under the old regime. These were the only outward signs that N'djamena had changed hands for the third time in three years. Otherwise the latest chapter in the 16-year civil war between north and south was greeted with tranquil resignation by a populace weary to violence.

There was less resignation outside of Chad, however. The victory of Habré's

Habré's victory left both the embattled OAU and the French government backing the wrong contender

8,000-man armed forces of the north caught both the embattled Organization for African Unity, OAU, and the French government—which had backed the swing state—by surprise. For the 50-member OAU, struggling for coherence and credibility on a continent where both are in short supply, Habré's takeover was a grim embarrassment. The organization's 3,275-man peace-keeping force, recruited from Nigeria, Eritrea and Senegal—the first venture of its kind—did not fire a shot to prevent Habré's implausible 24-month advance from his refuge inside the Sahel zone border.

For France, which had taken up the out's case in negotiating Goukouni, sending him aid and arms and even financing the OAU force, Habré's takeover was also a setback. Only two weeks earlier, on a state visit to Francophone Africa, President François Mitterrand had reiterated his campaign promise that, contrary to the practice of his predecessor, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, he had "no intention of becoming the guardian of Africa." Accordingly, no French troops intervened to protect his protégé.

Last week Mitterrand neatly sidestepped questioners by asserting that the whole affair was "an internal African matter." He also implied that France's noninterference had prevented Libya's Col. Muammar Khadafi from attempting a repeat performance of his intervention on Goukouni's behalf 18 months ago. In fact, however, French Foreign Minister Claude Cheysson recently obtained a clear assurance from Khadafi's deputy, Abdel Rahman Jalloud, that Libya had no intention whatsoever of launching a second invasion.

The venture would have been too costly and also would have risked upsetting the OAU at the start of Khadafi's year as the organization's chairman.

As a result, bankrupt and devastated Chad was once more left to suffer from its bloodstained, interethnic struggle. The issue was stinging. Hardly had Habré had time to savor his victory when he was informed that a special United Nations international aid conference had been postponed because of his country's "lack of stability."

—MARK McDONALD in Paris

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Reagan's overshadowed tour

It has become an article of faith in U.S. politics that foreign travel is good for presidents. Seeing their chief executive greeted in distant capitals somehow makes Americans think him more presidential—and hence more empathic. The process does wonders for the job-approval ratings—a consequence not lightly dismissed in an election year.

Ronald Reagan's advisers may have had that in mind when they planned his 10-day, four-nation, 17,600-km expedition to Europe. On paper, at least, the

trip looked like a public relations bonanza: an emotional reunion at Spiez, Switzerland, an audience with the Pope, horseback riding with Queen Elizabeth at Windsor Castle, an address to Parliament in London and the Bundestag in Bonn and a final, obligatory visit to that enduring symbol of East-West enmity: the Berlin Wall. Hollywood itself could scarcely have conceived a more compelling series of backdrops.

Still, as Air Force One returned at week's end to Andrews Air Force Base—and a slightly scripted welcome-

ing reception—Ronald Reagan might well have been tempted to endorse the wisdom of Robert Louis Stevenson's line "To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive."

Overseen, the president often seemed tired of events like coronations by then. Instead of leading the evening newscasts and topping the morning headlines, Reagan found himself playing third fiddle to underlined events in the Middle East and the Falkland Islands. His administration was embarrassed by a vote change on a Falklands ceasefire resolution at the United Nations—a last-minute decision by Secretary of State Alexander Haig that reached U.S. Ambassador Jesse Kirkpatrick too late. As a result, Washington could not only to open to the British but to look inept at the same time. Nobody bothered to wake the president, and, worse, Reagan's staff clearly failed to give him a full account of the mistake. When asked about it the next day by reporters, he lamely replied that he did not know all the details.

The fighting in Lebanon only seemed to underline the president's difficulties. Reagan sent three "Dear Mr. Menachem" letters to the Israeli prime minister, each more urgent than the last, only after the last message did Israel accept an armistice.

In short, having gone abroad to demonstrate that he is a substantive force in foreign policy, Ronald Reagan emerged as a bit player in his own world, lacking power to make it effective. In a sense, what played the otherwise well-orchestrated media exercise was reality. Impulsive ceremonies took place. Good speeches were delivered with the president's customary flair (at one point, at Bonn, he uttered bonhomie by asking, "Is there an echo in here?"). And Ronald Reagan showed that he was as nice and as good-humored and even as peace-loving as Americans has ever met. But in Western Europe, beyond the beaches in Bonn, behind the splendid scenery in Bonn beside the point.

Beyond confirming what Americans and most Europeans already knew—that Reagan is not the impulsive cowboy he is sometimes depicted as—the president's trip did not accomplish a great deal. At least the Versailles summit was seen as basically a standoff. The United States got virtually no credit from Europe in its quest to restrict funds to the Soviet bloc. Although the final communist agreed to limit export credits—providing the Americans to tout it as a small victory—no numbers were cited, and hence no ceilings imposed. Having received nothing, Washington gave nothing in return—either on subsidizing exchange rates or bringing down interest rates.

Europe's lukewarm reception

As Ronald Reagan addressed 15,000 festering, hand-picked guests on the lawn of Berlin's Charlottenburg Castle last week, riot police only a kilometer away were facing a less friendly audience. 2,000 protesters gathered to show their displeasure at the president's three-day stay in their city. They raised banners, burned police vans and lit riot rocks. Then night-vision-seeking police managed to subdue the crowds with blazes from water cannons, and the protest ended relatively mildly.

At the castle itself, events unfolded in a muted tone. The guests displayed a mild enthusiasm for their blue-suited,

visitory. In every capital he seemed to be flying to invited audiences, not to angry large crowds staged away unless—as in Berlin—there were the throngs of protesters in Britain, despite the paucity, there was a degree of coolness in his former hostess, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher described his reception as a "surprise, one of great affection." But, as the diarist for *The Times* newspaper noted, "Sadly, as throughout the visit, there were few people about [in Downing Street] to endorse these warm feelings."

But Reagan's abrupt switch from hard anti-Soviet rhetoric to personable also seemed to outsize public



Anti-American riots in Berlin confused public opinion.

opinion. Many observers were skeptical and slightly apprehensive. For its part, *The Times* wondered whether the sudden change of direction is a ploy to further policy reversals.

The German press was kinder—the newspaper *Die Welt* declared that Reagan's address to the German parliament was "impressive in its simplicity and conciseness." But other commentators managed to suggest, subtly, that Reagan should have put off his highly symbolic trip until American peace moves toward the Soviets had produced results. West German officials said that they will postpone any substantive reaction until Washington begins negotiating what the press has mentioned.

At the end of the trip the White House officials who stage-managed Reagan's attempt to react to his image could be reasonably satisfied with the results. He was seen in all the right places with the right people. He performed well. But the audience, perhaps, expected more than that.

—PETER LEWIS in Berlin

From Versailles, the Reagan pilgrimage for peace journeyed to the Vatican for a papal audience and later meetings with Italian officials. But by then fatigue was already beginning to creep up on the president and during his session with Pope John Paul II he appeared to drift off to sleep.

In London Reagan's easy relationship with Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher quickly cooled the breach caused by the U.S. ban on nuclear exports. Thatcher applauded the president's performance. But the victory seemed as much her own as anyone's because she cleverly preempted Reagan's avowed intention to ask for British loanwords in the Falklands by declaring that any such generosity was not in the military card.

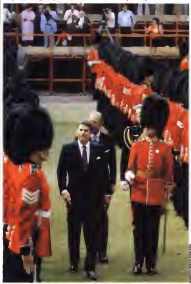
Reagan's speech to Parliament—the first ever by a U.S. leader—was polished and flawlessly delivered. In it he called for a crusade for freedom and democracy that would "tear Marxism-Leninism out of the heap of history." But both the tone and the theme seemed oddly reminiscent of inspirational addresses Reagan used to give for General Electric 35 years ago. There was more free rhetoric in Bonn, where the president proposed that NATO and the Warsaw Pact nations cut conventional ground forces in Europe to 100,000 men apiece and pledged U.S. consistency.

The NATO summit (with Spain, the 16th member, making its debut) ended with more optimism than in recent memory, endorsing Washington's stance on nuclear weapons in Europe and its plan for reducing strategic missile warheads. But its communiqué, too, was a compromise document, straddling the line between Washington's desire to promote modernization of forces and Europe's need to keep tensions with Moscow in check. Only the conventional force proposal was firm and it will now become the subject of a third Soviet-U.S. negotiating round.

It was only in Bonn that administration officials finally grasped the central problem of the trip. With the sound of Israeli bombs detonating on U.S. television, the president's heart-lung contrived and artificial. His incoherent European meetings, his distance from the people, his lack of spontaneity seemed not only inappropriate but, inappropriate. To repair the image, Haig and National Security Adviser William Clark were at pains to rework the president's persuasive skill in closed debate. And both stressed the extemporaneous nature of his final remarks.

While Reagan's grand tour was hardly a disaster, it clearly fell short of expectations. It was, at best, a lukewarm reception. Philip Geyelin, "an awful long drink for a very short time."

—MICHAEL FISHER in Washington





Antinuclear demonstrators (left), singers Joan Baez and Bob Dylan, organizers of by citizens peacewalks from the 1960s

UNITED STATES

Weapons protesters on parade

By Jane O'Hara

Thirty thousand children and a bunch of puppets led the massive crowd as it snaked its way from the United Nations—let it was more than a children's crusade. Such well-known activists from the '60s as singers Joan Baez and Peter, Paul, and Mary addressed the crowd in Central Park, but it was more than in the Woodstock. About 200,000 people marched and carried banners in protest against nuclear arms through rugged Manhattan streets last Saturday, making for the largest peaceful demonstration in U.S. history. They came from all over the United States and Canada, from as far away as Japan and Australia. When thousands of helium-filled balloons were released into the hazy atmosphere above Central Park, the sea of demonstrators, cheering, then passed for a minute's silence. The silver symbol and the sounds of silence spoke the message of the day: when nuclear weapons lie in the face of the earth, only then will there be peace.

The Central Park rally was the culmination of more than two months of anti-nuclear activities in New York and around the United States that dovetailed with last week's start of the UN's second Special Session on Disarmament. It was also the latest manifestation of a growing grassroots movement in North America that has sprung up in the pe-

litical horizon with the surprise and speed of a sea squall rocking the U.S. ship of state. Unlike the utopian antinuclear demonstrations of the '60s, the '80s activists campaigning to end the nuclear arms race are grandmothers and garment workers, doctors, housewives, race-track agents and concerned citizens from every walk of life. They span all age groups and cut across the ideological spectrum. If there is one message in their numbers it is this: Middle America wants a voice in the nuclear future.

UN protest on issue world's fighting for



Over the past month there have been more than 70 scheduled events connected with the Central Park rally, including dances, symposiums, sermons, trumpeting the nuclear freeze, "survival just concerns," disarmament conferences and neighborhood town meetings that voted overwhelmingly in favor of banning future bombs. Said Leslie Gagnon, a co-ordinator of the June 12 rally committee that oversees the cluster of events surrounding the big march: "It has been an organizer's dream. Our word-of-mouth has not been to keep everything contained but to let 1,000 flowers bloom. With so many interest groups forming on their own, we know we're on to something right."

In a sense, many of the antinuclear activities, which took place in parks, on blocks and in parish halls, were in keeping with New York City's springtime tradition of fairs and festivals that annually sparks city intervention and turns New York into a cosmopolitan singles' bar. Gerni Madelon, for one, managed to combine a social conscience with social etiquette. During the past two months the 35-year-old social-science has thrown a series of "nuclear dinners"—a kind of Tupperware party for the atomic age—for her friends. "It's no contribution," said Madelon. "We get the word out and also drink a lot of wine."

In New York, when crowds gather, excitement is rarely far behind. The rallies were no exception. Left-wing lead-



Rally in Los Angeles: Tupperware parties

ers set up shop outside most events. Banners for peace were for sale, as well as wall posters, bumper doors, which sold for as much as \$30. And for those who wanted to buy antinuclear paraphernalia in bulk there were outdoor flyers that read: "The well-equipped demonstrator should be equipped in a variety of ways: without a T-shirt the demonstrators' T-shirt." One out-of-work playwright saw the nuclear freeze as an opportunity for the main clause. Over a social lunch during a symposium for the victims of Hiroshima, he explained the difficulties of editing his script to TV. People might not want to think about their own extinction in prime time, he explained.

New York's famous theatrical community also formed a lobby group for the occasion called Performing Artists for Nuclear Disarmament (PAND). At the initial membership meeting more than 1,000 people were turned away from an 800-seat hall. Although such personalities as Meryl Streep, Dustin Hoffman, James Earl Ray and Hush Perkins managed to sign up, it was difficult to determine whether those turned away at the doors were actors or non-actors or someone else out for a few snapshots.

PAND proved to be one of the most visible antinuclear groups in the city. Early last week its members held a fund-raising benefit that glittered like an Academy Awards ceremony. Teachers have been held after outside teachers for cast members of *Pirates of Penzance* and other Broadway musicals. According to Hollywood director Henry Jaglom (Johnny Dard's), who plans to start a PAND unit in California, actress Jill Clayburgh—now eight months pregnant and concerned about the future of her unborn child—carries nuclear bombs when she goes to the grocery store. Even the notoriously opinionated Grace Welles got involved and spoke on Saturday. "He told me it was the first political issue worth fighting for in decades," said Jaglom.

New York's performing artists form just one of many groups in the city and throughout the United States that have banded together professionally to spread the antinuclear word. In New York City alone there are disarmament groups made up of doctors, social workers, computer technicians, architects, magazine editors and cancer therapists. Even life insurance salesmen have tapped on the doorbells. Their manifesto: "THE LAST LIFE INSURANCE POLICY." The hope of rally organizers is that the nuclear blitz now enveloping New York will be more than just a passing fad—and that the issue will survive the summer. ☐

ISRAEL'S INVASION

By Val Ross

The Israeli attack had been expected for months. Jerusalem had signalled its intentions with air strikes that punctuated the 13-month ceasefire and with a war of nerves over Syrian missiles in Lebanon's Bekaa Valley. But the scale and ferocity of the onslaught were nothing even by the bloodstained standards of the Middle East.

In a fierce six-day drive, Israeli forces thrust 80 km to the outskirts of Beirut. In the process they smashed Palestinian strongholds over a 900-square-km area of southern Lebanon. Not only that, but they welcomed a halfhearted Syrian attempt to intervene, destroying 80 Soviet-built tanks and 79 aircraft in the process.

But if the toll they took on the Syrian and PLO forces was devastating (an estimated 3,500), the Israelis themselves paid a high price. And Lebanon's war-weary people suffered most of all. By the time a ceasefire was patched together at week's end, 1,000 were dead in the port city of Beirut alone, while the full toll of casualties was expected to run to thousands more. Sa'ad Latifa Abdul Rahmana, who fled with her nine children from Damour: "They are not just killing my friends. They are killing my country."

The ceasefire was as fragile as the future of Lebanon itself. A truce with the chastened Syrians was easy to achieve. But that with the PLO, imploring Jerusalem's will to ease for the first time to deal directly with the guerrillas, took 36 hours longer to achieve. And Israel's territorial and other demands made it almost certain that the struggle was far from over. Defense Minister Ariel Sharon insisted that a 40-km strip of southern Lebanon be cleared of PLO forces before Israel would consent to withdraw. That, and the complex negotiations needed before an international buffer force could be in place left too many openings for an unreluctant accident. And it was questionable how much more suffering beleaguered Lebanon could take.

The age-oldness to the damage done to the country and its people was Marlene's Beirut correspondent Robin Wright. On Saturday she travelled along the Damascus road to the coast near Khaldé. Her report:

On the central and eastern fronts the war was over. Large numbers of Syrian troops—including five T-54 Soviet-made tanks—were leaving the Beirut area, for Damascus as I drove down the road that circles the outskirts of the Lebanese capital. The road had been heavily damaged. Huge boulders had been chipped from the surrounding cliffs above by aerial bombardment forcing the traffic into a single lane.

On the western front, the only place the Palestinians have been fighting, the clashes continued through the night. The Israelis dropped flares over the city's southern outskirts. Then, at daybreak, aircraft thundered over Khaldé and the southern suburbs, followed as always by the sound of retreating Palestinian guns.

Just south of the airport, near Khaldé, I spent an hour with eight members of Sa'iqs, one of the PLO's eight factions. Its commander named himself Captain Kahwa after looking down at his Turkish coffee (shaken in Arabic), because he did not want to give his real name. He and his troops were



Israeli troops in Lebanon (above and below): ferocity



Israeli helicopter over the Levant Coast (above); Red Cross corps in Sidon. The Lebanese suffered worst of all



COVER

remarkably oblivious to the danger surrounding them. Throwing more of the bitter coffee on a Russian burner, he proudly displayed his war "souvenirs": daggers written in Hebrew and a tank jacket taken from an Israeli soldier in one of two tanks captured in the beach area south of Khalka. As we were talking, an Israeli warplane screamed down at us and dropped a 550-lb bomb less than a kilometer away. First there was a flash, then a huge black mushroom cloud rose up, like a mini-atom bomb.

Later I visited the scene in downtown Beirut that were hit on Friday nights before the ceasefire went into effect. Two apartment buildings housing an estimated 400 had been flattened. Col. Israel Rivlin, of the fire brigade, had been there all night. With tears in his eyes, his voice hoarse from directing rescue efforts, he said 35 people had already been pulled out of tens of debris. Another 12 were believed to be inside. It was a pitiful sight, much like the damage caused by an earthquake. Strewed over the ground were the remnants of the life the residents had lived: mattress springs, a blue teddy bear, a pocket of crushed cigarettes.

Less than a kilometer away, in the Maron district of Beirut, the top floors of two buildings had been crushed. Civil defense units were just beginning to look for survivors. The anti leaders said no ambulances were available. But that did not matter—there was no hope of finding anyone alive. Minutes after I arrived Israeli gun boats began an attack on West Beirut. The echo of pounding shell bursts reverberated around the empty streets. Everyone took shelter, and the capital was once again a ghost town. The people of Beirut are stunned. They did not believe that the Israelis would goad them so severely. The Palestinian quarter, perhaps, but not the downtown shopping and residential districts. No place seemed safe.

Israel's initial, three-pronged thrust was a textbook operation: UN troops from Norway, Fiji and the Netherlands looked on with disbelief as the columns of tanks and armored personnel carriers rolled across south Lebanon's scrubby

hills and wadis. Nobody was prepared for either the size or depth of the push. But assumptions that the operation was merely a repeat performance of Israel's 1978 incursion, as well as Prime Minister Menachem Begin's statement that the seizure's purpose was simply to prevent Caddex from PLO rockets, were soon contradicted by events.

That the incursion would be a blitz became clear when the 15th-century crumpled castle at Beaufort fell within 24 hours. Begin was able to helicopter three to shake hands with Sharon on Monday. Then, as an Israeli's few word remark was inescapable: Tank columns surrounded their targets, gunboats shelled PLO port strongholds in advance of landings, and planes emptied first rockets then bombs over the hapless countryside.

It was an operation that bore all the hallmarks of the warbeheading Sharon. Each new military objective, though all were in his great plan from the start, was only revealed after the previous one was secured. As Israeli tanks pushed twice the 40-km distance to the approaches of Beirut itself, it became clear that Israel's goal was not simply to silence PLO guns, but also to destroy Syria's missiles in the Bekaa Valley and, ultimately, to erode the 18-year-old PLO. That process involved a series of mortal threats, cutting off each of a series of guerrilla strongholds in turn. The first, Tyre, was taken when the PLO abandoned it after ferocious house-to-house combat. Some 40,000 residents, who had fled to the beaches, waited two days without food or shelter before being allowed to return to the rubble. By then Israeli forces were "mopping up," rounding up suspected guerrillas at two nearby refugee camps. Bushay and Burj al Shmali—and the main tank columns had already swung remorselessly up the coast. Successively, Sidon and Danyune were enveloped and their PLO defenders "cleaned up" as thousands of inhabitants fled northward.

By midweek plumes of smoke from airbards and suburbs in the southern outskirts of Beirut belied new air and sea strikes against PLO positions there. As the tanks closed in,



Palestinian guerrillas captured in Tyre (above). Israeli armor rolling through Sidon, rewriting the political map of the Middle East



Lebanese Christian militia (above) the Israeli land near Sidon with pounding shell bursts, Beirut became a ghost town





Israeli leaflets urging retreat cascade on downtown Beirut

Foreign Minister Shimon Peres gave an assurance that the city would not be entered. But leaflets dropped by Israeli aircraft warned all Syrian forces to save themselves. To stay, they were told, would be "tantamount to suicide," and detailed maps were provided showing Israel's preferred exit routes.

The PLO refused to budge. But their Syrian allies were quick to take the advice. Troops were seen here abandoning their downtown checkpoints and heading east toward Damascus. Their action raised anew the question of Syrian strategy in response to Israel's battering of Damascus' PLO allies. In the early stages of the fighting, Syrian troops had withdrawn 50 km to avoid confrontation with the Israelis, leaving the PLO to fight on alone.

There was no way, however, to evade the twin threat posed by an Israeli column southeast of Beirut to the Syrians' escape route to Damascus and to their semi-6 missile emplacements in the Bekaa Valley. While Israeli broadcasts implored them not to "put their heads in a noose," the Syrians were forced to defend the missiles when the Israelis sensed their chance to mount a devastating air attack. In a dogfight involving more than 100 aircraft, the aging Syrian MiGs proved no match for Israeli F-15s, F-16s and Kfir. Twenty-two were downed, and the missile batteries destroyed. The next day, after Syria had moved in one morning, the Israeli jets returned to take them out—and a further 30 Syrian planes were shot down. On the ground Syria's T-54s fared no better. In a contest with Israel's new Merkava tanks, claimed to be the finest in the world, 65 were destroyed. In addition, Israeli aircraft regularly up-bombing support the world over. Sharan, needless to say, the success of "one of the most brilliant, complicated and intricate operations

Israel has ever undertaken" turned the odds "in turning point in the war."

The treaty was unimpressive, but as he spoke Israel's smothering military successes were beginning to produce political liabilities. Amid mounting international condemnation—including a threat of trade sanctions from the European Community and the first of three calls for a ceasefire from U.S. President Ronald Reagan, off on his European tour, the UN Security Council called an urgent meeting. On the agenda, sanctions, suspension, even expulsion from the world body of Israel did not withdraw. A watered-down version was voted by the United States as "unbalanced" in that it placed too heavy an emphasis on Israeli aggression and ignored its "provocations." But as U.S. negotiator Philip Habib, on Reagan's instructions, shuttled between Jerusalem and Damascus, Reagan was coming under pressure he could not ignore. Concern from Washington's stalwart ally, Saudi Arabia, was voiced in a personal interview in Beira by Saudi Foreign Minister Prince Saud al Faisal. Moscow's point was forcefully put in a telephone call from Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev.

These interventions highlighted the delivery of the U.S. position. As articulated at Washington was at the crux of the invasion—which upstaged Reagan's grand tour of Europe—it quickly recognized the practical benefits achieved by Israeli invasion. In crushing the PLO's infrastructure, Jerusalem had effectively offered Washington a chance to rewrite the political map in the Middle East, curb Syrian (and hence Soviet) influence, restore Lebanese sovereignty and, as Israel's Washington envoy, Moshe Arens, described it, create an "independent, open, free state in the state of Israel's northern border."

In some ways, the invasion also served the interests of con-



servative Arab regimes, free of which have been anxious from the Palestinian threat. But while U.S. analysts were weighing their appetites over possible scenarios, they were also aware of the considerable risks involved. To give Sharan carte blanche in Lebanon would almost surely deal a sharp cut back to the PLO's long-term goals and ambitions, while the Muslim world. It was one thing for the Israelis to destroy sub command centers and take out the missiles in the Bekaa



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Valley. But it would have been quite another if the Syrians were forced to commit their full complement of air and ground forces, and suffered equally humiliating defeats. Then, Washington feared, was exactly where Israel's mediating military objectives were leading. And Reagan called a halt.

For their part, the Israelis were a hot study to ignore—so far as Syria was concerned at least. Cool though the Reagan government's approval of foreign reactions had been, it also had to take account of a growing sense of domestic horror at the possibility of yet another Lebanese war. As the right-wing *Daily Mail* warned: "The war has departed from its declared aims. And a secret feeling of fear grows that we are departing from political wisdom." This hint was clear: if Begin stopped short of all-out war he stood a good chance of calling an early general election and reinforcing his tiny majority in the Knesset.

There was less immediate explanation for Israel's second ceasefire offer, this time to the PLO. In the intervening 36 hours, Israeli forces had continued what were termed their "purification" operations against suspected PLO units south of Beirut while extending their grip on the capital. As Israeli planes and ships continued their bombardment of the city outskirts and across, the PLO reported an Israeli thrust on their only means of escape—a main road to the south. There were also reports of Israeli parachute landings in the vicinity.

At the same time, however, the tragic impact of Israel's military tactics of massive assault was becoming clear. In downtown Beirut alone, one hospital admitted more than 60 casualties, and many more were feared in the heavily bombed Palestinian suburbs. Elsewhere the situation was even worse and on Saturday the International Red Cross called for a crash program to relieve an "appalling situa-

tion." Francesco Nando, head of a visiting Red Cross delegation, said \$29 million was needed immediately. Civilians in Tyre and Sidon were still without water, food or medical supplies. Three Palestinian refugee camps in the region had been destroyed, and only about 1,000 of their original population of 300,000 seemed still to be living there. Moved a part the number of displaced people in southern Lebanon at 600,000.

It may have been in light of the possible effect of such starvation as these as world opinion that Begin accepted renewed prompting by Habib to leave his troops this offer was quickly accepted by PLO chairman Yasser Arafat in a message to UN Secretary-General Javier Pérez de Cuellar. But while all sides in the fighting clearly needed a respite, the longer-term future of Lebanon remained shrouded in the smoke that lingered over the battlefield.

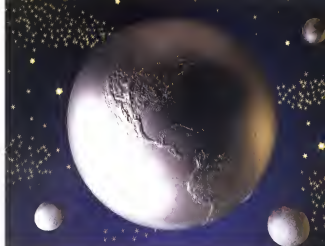
The one certainty was that all the protagonists were to some extent losers. The Syrians, heavily mauled by the Israeli armed forces, also had to accept a loss of face with their PLO allies. The United States, while seeing the PLO and Syrians frustrated, had clearly lost ground with the moderate Arab states and gained little in Jerusalem. Israel, while it had dealt a stunning military blow to the PLO, seemed unlikely to be able to press home its advantage.

For their part, Arafat's men had survived and even gained a measure of recognition from their Israeli foes. But they faced years of rehabilitation work, while deprived of a secure place in which to settle. As for the Lebanese, they too had survived. But only to mourn, as so often in the past, the further devastation of their once thriving country, now reduced to a permanent battleground in the 36-year Middle East conflict.

With Nancy Mitchell at the UN, Michael Powers in Washington, Eric Zolov in Jerusalem and Robert Wright in Beirut.



The Christian militia's shelled killing captured Beirut's "purification" operations against the suspected PLO



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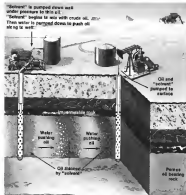
Dointra Ziemelis graduated from the University of Alberta in 1970 with a B.Sc. degree in Engineering. She has been involved with the Fenn-Big Valley enhanced recovery program from the start, and currently is Manager - Enhanced Recovery. Her favorite pastimes are skiing, canoeing and hiking. She is just one of the more than 10,000 Canadians who make up Gulf Canada.

years later - crude oil continues to drain from the rock into the well and is drawn to the surface by pumps. This may continue for many years. Even so, as much as 70% of the crude stays in the rock, millions of barrels of it.

\$20 million risk

Gulf Canada's scientists, technicians and engineers are working on a way to coax more of the remaining oil out of the ground.

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through the pores. The oil is "washed" out, much as a dry-cleaner removes a grease spot from a dress or suit with a solvent. Then, you pump in water under pressure, so it pushes the crude along through the porous rock toward the well.

Simple as it sounds, the technique is complex and risky. Each oil field has its own unique rock properties which influence the behavior of the "solvent". The "solvent" (actually a mixture of natural gas, propane and butane) alternating with water will be pumped into the ground for four years at a cost of over \$20 million before it is known whether the method is working.

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Exploration in the lab

In the Gulf Research Centre at Sheridan Park, 20 miles west of Toronto, scientists tested "solvents" on actual samples of the oil from Fenn-Big Valley. In a small laboratory container they duplicate the pressure, volume and temperature of the underground

reservoir to discover how to make the oil dissolve. The results of the experiments are promising.



In the Gulf Canada Research Centre at Sheridan Park, Vera Belopolsky, Chemical Engineer, tests oil samples from the Fenn-Big Valley oil field in Alberta. Objective: to discover how "solvents" mix with crude oil at the pressure, volume and temperature encountered underground.

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If you would like more information about various methods of enhanced recovery of oil, please write to Mr. R. H. Penner, Director - Public Affairs, Gulf Canada Limited, 1330 Adelaide Street W., Toronto, Ontario, M5H 3B6.



GULF CANADA LIMITED

Waiting out a painful retail slide

By Ian Austen

Legend has it that had look and supping fortunes can be recovered by rubbing the left ear of the massive Statutory Sales statue outside the downtown Toronto department store that still bears his name. Unfortunately for the heirs of the retailing tycoon, however, there is no evidence to suggest that the breen's magic is anything more than mythical.

The T. Eaton Company Ltd., the all of Canada's department-store chain, is in the midst of cutting staff, downsizing and projects in an effort to cope with a post-Christmas slump that will not go away. Last week Statutory Sales Canada reported that department-store sales had dropped \$3 per cent in the first quarter of this year—the first such decline in 15 years. And that grim statistic was followed by the news that Simpson's Ltd. was laying off 200 members of its full-time staff.

Still, the store's leaders aren't apoplectic on their still-brawling main sales floors. Fashion and cosmetics sales are holding their own or, in some cases, even increasing. But as high interest rates continue to all but choke off housing sales, an unusual quiet has settled over the furniture and appliance-laden upper sales floors. Says Charles Maclean, president of Winnipeg, "The major appliance sales figures are horrible." No store has been immune. And that even includes A. Ogilvy's Inc., whose chandeliers above a boutique of Montreal's wealthy Anglo establishment The Drop in the fashionable area has dragged bottom sales down by five per cent.

Store-financing institutions and soft-pose special promotions for the merchants. While they are not especially profitable even in good times, says Simpson's-Sears Ltd. Chairman Richard Sharpe, their high price does absorb a good deal of overhead. For Sears, the slump in these big-ticket items contributed to a 15-per-cent drop in sales and a loss of \$3 million in the first quarter.

Employees have been the hardest hit by the merchants' scramble to cut costs. The 200 Simpson's workers who were laid off last week add to the tally of more than 30,000 Sears employees and a few other major retailers previously laid



Shops: a post-Christmas slump that will not go away

go or cut back. At Eaton's 500 jobs have been permanently lost in Vancouver, Montreal and Toronto.

Store closings have also been keeping a close eye on the merchandise piling up in warehouses across the country. Sears last fall Sears has not its inventory by \$50 million, even though the cutbacks create problems for shoppers. Lack of stock in popular sizes and colors of clothing has sent potential customers away disgruntled and empty-handed.

While the big savings are coming from inventory and staff cutbacks, even the smallest areas are being examined. Discounts are being shut down and lights dimmed so soon as the last customers leave each night. Montreal's newsmagazine, says Sharpe, "are being done 'quick and dirty.'" At the same time efforts are being made to lure more customers in the hope of turning over slumped-down inventories faster. For its part, Simpson's

has intensified sales promotions, while Woodward's Stores Ltd.—which operates 23 department stores in British Columbia and Alberta—is bringing its doors open half an hour longer to attract homebound-based customers.

Even some major retailers not burdened by furniture and appliances have been forced to adjust. Hark Brothers & Company Ltd. has reduced prices throughout its 37 glittering high-fashion stores. Says Hark's Chairman Leonard Sharpe, "Even higher-priced merchandise, such as furs and gowns, sells well when it's on sale."

There are bright spots in the otherwise gloomy picture, however. One distant chain—the Regina-based Arden and Nivey Department Stores—Simpson's Ltd.—has had problems keeping its shelves full. Herdies of customers recently descended on their store to scoop up more than 1,000,000 worth of imported designer clothing in a few hours.

But if the chain is pushing ahead with orders for sunglasses, cherry glasses and shoes, the retail picture is not optimistic about the future. Ralph Halstead, vice-president and secretary of the Halstead's Bay Co. (which controls The Bay, Simpsons and Zeller's) says he does not foresee the company's \$20-million loss turning around shortly. "We're planning for a very tough year."

About the only hopeful note comes from Sears's Sharpe, who predicts that the \$4.5 billion worth of Canada Sears' empty-handed.

ings Hardey's announced plans about doing this fall will boost consumer demand—and give stores a boost in the new year. The pessimist, he adds, will arrive just as the store is overhauling people that Sears. Close is around the corner. If Sharpe is right, it may be a combination of Sears's 20th-century magic and high-yield bonds that saves the retail giant's year.

With Diane Lockman in Vancouver, Gordon Lake in Calgary, Carol Branson in Toronto and David Palmer in Fredericton.

Sharpe's price cuts



Diamonds lose their lustre

Ever since they were first mined in ancient India, diamonds have possessed an almost mythical quality. The gem's name is derived from the Greek word *adamas*, which means "unconquerable," and for centuries diamonds have been thought to impart invulnerability to their owners. Napoleon, for one, had a precious victory etched in his sword hilt. And Ali Farka, a 19th-century Turkish ruler, commanded from his dethroned that his great diamond be crushed in public to symbolize the end of his rule. But last week's crash of large diamonds around the world were selling very valuable as the worst slump in 30 years triggered international diamond markets.

The diamond's cruel fall from grace over the past 18 months has been caused by the combined weight of the worldwide recession and an investor stampede to high-interest money markets. Not only is there a glut of investment-quality gems on the market, but their prices have taken a beating from Tel Aviv to New York. In Antwerp, the world's largest diamond market, the going rate for a one-carat D (flawless) diamond has dropped into the \$12,000 range from a peak of \$62,000 in 1986. Not only that, but late last month the largest diamond to appear on the market for years, the 354-carat "De Beers" diamond, was withdrawn from a Geneva auction when bidding failed to reach the anonymous owner's \$6-million (U.S.) reserve price.

The slump is also taking a toll on the trading firms, according to Patrick Verbert of the Higher Diamond Council of Antwerp. He says that most firms in the city have been forced to lay off staff and reduce working hours. Similar steps have been taken in New York's 47th Street diamond district. But the worst-hit sector, according to many experts, is Tel Aviv, which has suffered a wave of bankruptcies and heavy unemployment.

So far the diamond slump has not turned into a headlong plunge because of stockpiling by De Beers Consolidated Mines, a South African-based company that accounts for 30 per cent of world diamond production and controls 80 per cent of all sales. To keep its monopoly position, the company has reduced the supply of gems entering the market as its Central Selling Organization in London to a trickle. The person says De Beers executive Julius Geyik, "The company is holding back supplies at times of weak demand, thereby maintaining prices."



The De Beers' diamond no sale

actions are already extremely costly. Over the past 12 months the value of De Beers' stockpile has crashed to \$1.2 billion from \$600 million. Not only that, but the continuing glut has forced the company to cut production at its South African mines, and recently it announced the closing of a pit in southern Lesotho.

Not surprisingly, diamond traders applaud De Beers' efforts to maintain prices and are anxious that they con-

tinue. They breathed a sigh of relief recently when it was announced that 73-year-old Harry Oppenheimer was staying on as chairman of De Beers—even though he was stepping down as head of the company's parent, Anglo-American Corporation, a Johannesburg-based mining giant. The fact that Oppenheimer, South Africa's most powerful businessman, was remaining at De Beers' helm reassured anxious traders that the company would continue to stockpile policies.

Still, uncertainty remains over the actions of one of the largest participants in the diamond game, the Soviet Union. The Soviets moved prices late in 1986 and they started dumping diamonds on the market in stark and Western currency. The surge peaked out in February, but there is still concern that the Soviets could repeat the move. In the meantime, many traders are predicting that the slump has bottomed out and that prices may soon rally. But others are more pessimistic. Says Patrick Verbert: "Nasty day over here somebody had the worst in 1986. But investment demand isn't going to pick up until interest rates fall and the economy starts doing better. It may take 18 months before diamonds regain their same level of desirability."

—PETER LEVIN in Antwerp, with Allison Sparks in Johannesburg

An angry retort from the East

The proceedings were fired with indignation last week as the members of the Communist trading bloc, Comcon, gathered in Budapest for their annual summit. Meeting just two days after Western leaders had wound up the Versailles summit with a ceiling restraint on leading to the East, the Comcon officials were anxious to make their reply. Speaker after speaker trooped to the restraint in the grandly decorated Intercontinental Hotel to denounce the capitalists' move. Then Soviet President Mikhail Gorbachev provided a comforting message. He declared that the bid "to shut out the world of the socialist countries" was false.

But if the Comcon leaders were angry in public on the issue, in private their reactions were far more dramatic. Several East European nations were more surprised than angered since they had expected that the Americans would call for credit restrictions would be imposed solely on Russia and Warsaw. Yet, pointing to the vague wording of the Versailles communiqué, Hungarian officials, in particular, were hoping

that they might be excluded from new restrictions.

The condemnation over the Western nations' declaration, however, only underlined the Communist bloc's growing debt problem. In fact, the Versailles statement referred to export credits guaranteed—and often subordinated—by Western governments. But they sweep only a fraction of Comcon's \$30-billion debt, most of which is owed directly to Western commercial banks.

Still, the summit had other problems on its agenda as well. A major concern was the worsening balance of trade between the six East European members and the Soviet Union. Amending a Warsaw Pact trade contract, the Soviet surplus with the Comcon nations swelled from 1.6 billion rubles (\$2.8 billion) in 1980 to a record 3.1 billion rubles (\$5 billion) last year. Another source of animosity was Czech and Romanian complaints that their partners were not fulfilling trade contracts. But as several Hungarian delegates pointed out to Moscow's, the problem is not new. The difference now, they added, is that, in the wake of Versailles, it has become more urgent that Comcon solve them.

—DAVID REICHMAN in Budapest

Now, the Watchman invasion

Blaguarded bad drivers have long been frustrated by incoherently driven, jagged parked cars and hostile motorists. Then came the Watchman Army. Equipped with small, black car speakers that can emit roars, roars, roars, and roars, the Watchman Army is now invading the streets of the United States and Canada. But now, to make matters worse, their ranks will be swelled by the Watchman Brigade.

Sony Corporation, which manufactures the popular Walkman, has just announced that it will begin to market its own, portable, micro-cassette television—nicknamed Watchman—in the United States and Canada this fall. Not only that, but Sinclair Research of Great Britain says it will introduce its own mini-model to the North American market at the same time.

The old, square video-screen, the new battery-powered model will be big and thin enough to fit comfortably in the rear pocket of slacks or a jacket. The Sony Watchman is three centimeters thick, 30 cm long and has a five-centimeter diagonal screen. Sinclair's model is similar in size and boasts a seven-centimeter diagonal

screen. There is a sizable disparity in price, however. While Sony expects Watchman to retail for about \$200 (U.S.), Sinclair is aiming for a market price of \$99 (U.S.).

Sony executives say that the marketing of Watchman will be definitely upscale. "It's a prestige ticket item," says Douglas Wilson, a vice-president of

They take for those who have everything



Sony Canada, "the perfect gift for the person who has everything." Already, says Wilson, there have been enthusiastic responses from companies eager to mark anniversaries by distributing the tiny television emblazoned with a corporate logo.

At Sony headquarters in the United States, spokesman Fred Wahlstrom predicts that Watchman will invade far more than corporate boardrooms. "Senior executives can use it at the office to watch soap operas," he notes, adding that the Watchman is also a perfect companion for the woodman who has grown weary of singing evening songs by the campfire. Watchman, says Wahlstrom, will also prove to be the ideal answer for sports fans, who can bring it along to the stadium.

But the tiny new television represents a greater technical triumph than bringing Howard Cosell to every corner of the continent. It promises a revolution for all TV sets. By developing the technology necessary to produce the picture tube under the screen instead of behind it, Sony and Sinclair have pointed the way to a new, full-sized screen television that could be suspended from the wall...and still be a treasured family portrait of a reversed ancestor.

—RITA CHRISTOPHER in New York

Lead poisoning—with a limit

For the employees of Comco's giant smelter operation in Trail, B.C., the events unfolded of a doleful sort. They had been assured in September, 1981, when the provincial Workers' Compensation Board stopped paying the firm \$25,000 a month for airborne lead pollution because the company said it was carrying out a \$200,000 (U.S.) modernization program to clean up its act. But this month,

had to lay off 600 workers since January and it plans to shut down the smelter operation for a month this summer. Nonetheless, the workers remain bitter about the company's decision. Eugene George, "Now workers are getting lead poisoning to a set limit before they are culled off the job." Under company guidelines, employees in the smelter are issued with protective equipment—in-

cluding a respirator—and blood and urine samples are taken each month to ensure that lead in their bodies doesn't rise above British Columbia's industrial health standard of 50 micrograms per decilitre of blood. For his part, Comco spokesman Richard Fish concedes that the procedures are mandatory.

"Somewhere in the world has between 20 and 24 micrograms per decilitre, and when samples show a worker hits the 50-microgram level he is taken off the job," Fish's attitude, however, is certainly not shared by most employees.

Comco insists that it will upgrade the plant—using a new method of smelting developed in the Soviet Union—when metal markets improve. "We've already spent \$5 million on a feasibility study," said Fish. "It's the only way to go." The board, however, may postpone the plan when it reviews Comco's record in 1984. But that is too far in the future for the smelter. It plans to keep trying to get the dust reduced—now.

—MICHAEL GRAY in Vancouver

Comco's Trail, B.C., smelter workers' anger boiled to rage



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Still yearning for respect at 40 - 0



Garry Cooney Mulgopolyed by a Holmes right cross at Caesar's Palace. 'I want to beat him up. Make him bleed.' Hurt him?

By Hal Quinn

"**S**hed up and listen to what I have to say." This words came from an angry Larry Holmes moments after he had retained his heavyweight championship last Friday night. He had celebrated the fourth anniversary of his reign as sports' most charismatic and intensely rewarding thrower in the ring and had just won his 40th straight fight. "I have done it again. I'm sorry I'm not what you expect—I can't be a Muhammad Ali or a Joe Louis. I want you to be these other people. I was born to be me." And once after feverishly beating boxing's latest "Great White Hope," Holmes reiterated, perhaps the most underrated champion in history.

The fight had been billed as the "Prize and Glory," prize at stake for one, glory for the other. Gentleman Garry Cooney attended to the top rung of the prize's challenges over the prize-bodies of countless fighters and bores past their prime. Holmes, who assumed the mantle from the legendary Ali, defeated a string of challengers of questionable status or those rendered "overrated" after accumulating his remarkably quick left jab and heavy overhand

right. But in his reign he has not had a Joe Frazier or George Foreman to measure and elevate his skills as Ali had. Holmes' legacy of critics and doubters belated Cooney could be the man—a danger with a puncher's chance. But in dispensing with Cooney, Holmes may only have silenced the critics until the next challenge.

The outcome was an little doubt after the second round, the only questions remaining being whether or not Cooney would land the left hook that had knocked out 21 of his 39 opponents and whether or not he could last longer than the 30 rounds that his fight had averaged. The answer to the first was no, the second, yes. "The only left hook Cooney landed was the last one," said Holmes. It was flash to Holmes' groin in the seventh, caused a halt in the fight and sent Cooney two points on the judges' cards. It came after warnings from the referee in the sixth and seventh and was followed by another in the 11th that cut him under the point. But after the second round it was all as superfluous as the pre-fight hype.

Cooney had booyed the crowd of 32,000 in the stadium on the parking lot behind Caesar's Palace with a sixth first round. Then, in the next round, Cooney

scored with a left hook to Holmes' ribs and a right to the head. Holmes countered with a shaking overhand right that buckled Cooney's legs. The challenger wobbled and staggered and finally fell. Given a standing eight-count, Cooney grugged and hung on. Remarkably, he rallied to win the third and fourth rounds on all cards but after that only the seventh, and through it all would come Holmes' big right hand.

"I showed you a real lesson in here tonight. This kid can really take a punch." The comment came from Cooney's trainer, Vic Valle, who stepped into the ring in the 11th round to stop it.

And during the final three rounds, Cooney took a barrage from the champion in the 12th. Cooney no longer was connecting with the left hook. Holmes threw a right that added a gash to the challenger's eyelid to go with smaller cuts at the corner of and under the left eye. Six more thunderous right hands landed without reply before Cooney went down for the second time. The referee reached a count of two when Valle stepped into the ring, hugged Cooney and said it was over.

The pre-fight hype, so important to promoters Lee Ring's and Sam Glick's hopes of grossing a record \$50 million,

was marked by an underlying minor long lost to the heavyweight division. Not just feigning dislike for one another to share a pay day, Holmes and Cooney genuinely detested each other. Mutual animosity fuels any confrontation between black and white fighters, but Holmes went far beyond his "Great White Hope" comments. Unlike most champions who calmly await the challenge, Holmes was saying, "I want to beat him up. Make him bleed. Hurt him." And he did.

Central to Holmes' uncharacteristic rage was the song he had sung throughout his four-year reign, "I don't get no respect." Then suddenly there came a challenge, one of the least entitled ever to be in a title fight, who immediately captured the hearts of the fans and the attention of the media. Holmes reportedly said that it was Cooney's skin color and not his record that earned him his equal-share guarantee of \$5 million to \$6 million, which may reach \$13 million when all bonuses are tapped. And to top it off, before proving anything in the ring against a fighter in the Top 10, Cooney had a national TV commercial—something Holmes has never had. "I don't care if Cooney does those things. He's a black man," Holmes said unthinkingly last week. "Just as long as he can't do more for MARCH 1991's final obligatory for black men." For his part, Cooney responded that he wanted the title to bring some class and respectability back to the heavyweight championship.

"Class may be the more difficult of the measurements, but a suggestion of respectability is worth noting that without the penalty points two judges had scored the fight evenly going into the 11th round from Valle when it was all over. "We should not cut the 35-round fight. All that is needed is 10 or 12 rounds." In 10 rounds, at the end of the 10th or 11th, Holmes would still have been the champion, but Cooney would not have been on his way to the hospital. As Roy Arrel, the 80-year-old trainer in Holmes' corner who has handled 39 champions in his 65 years in the game, said, "The human body was never meant to be punched."

There will be more punches for Cooney, who kept repeating, "I'm sorry I'm going back to the gym and work harder." And there will perhaps be more for the 32-year-old Holmes.

The undefeated champ, with all the pride and glory, is still haunted and still feels he has something to prove. But should he retire, history would look kindly on a 40-0 record. And Holmes' pedestrian opponents would gain lustre, their shortcomings fading in memory, just as has happened to those of the contenders in the crowns of Rocky Marciano and Joe Louis. ☐

One more grab at the ring

It was billed as the "Other Fight," and in a city of hysterical hyperbole the underdogism was potent. But Canadian and British Commonwealth champion Trevor Berbick accepted the demolition from top billing to barely mentioned with the ongoing charm that has marked his career. His last visit to Las Vegas had him fighting Larry Holmes and becoming the first, and still the only, man to last 35 rounds with the champ. But after a squeal victory in the Bahamas that finally ended Muhammad Ali's career and a months-long defense of his Canadian title, Berbick has changed more successfully for real estate than for opponents.

It was for that purpose that he was in Las Vegas 24 weeks ago when he happened to bump into Holmes. The champ thought that he should be on the card Friday night. "I thought about it for a day and then said 'screw it.' Berbick said, 'Just work.' It's not for that much money [promoted to be \$750,000 (U.S.)], but I don't worry about that. They'll never have to hold a tag day for me." Berbick, 36, and ranked fourth by the World Boxing Council before Friday, also saw a fight with third-ranked Greg Page in a chance for another title shot and a real pay day. Page, a quick-handed young boxer who has patterned his flashy ring style after Ali's, has been brought along slowly and hasn't been seriously tested. "I hope he comes out and tries to be a star," Berbick said before the fight in a

halfhearted attempt to hype the contest. He calls Page a "chicken-phaser," itself a pun intended at Ali's assessment of Berbick when he said, "I'm not saying Trevor is a chicken, but he does have chicken wings." Berbick rounded off his brief preparation for the fight by adding, "I want Page to act like a star that will make me mad. Then I'll take him out quick."

Page did not get quite but he did get Berbick mad. Shaking his head and rubbing his right eye, Berbick waded into Page, proving him to be his own enemy in the second round. Under a volley of hard body punches, Page slumped and sat on the second rope. Berbick pulled him back up and landed another series in the third. Berbick again rubbed his eye and shouted at Page, "Watch your thumbs." Reserving an apology for the silent eye procedure, Berbick landed forward and landed a heavy left.

And as it went for 18 rounds, the Canadian champion moving in to land telling body blows and sharp left hooks to the head, Berbick's all-out-brief training showed in the later rounds as he slumped down, but his punishment to Page's body had done its work. Page barely responded. It was a unanimous decision, the judges at best, giving Page two rounds. The Other Fight had the crowd on its feet and ensured that the next time Berbick comes to town, it will be for a major payday and the main event. —H.Q.

Page and Berbick in the "Other Fight" next a major payday and the main event



The sentiment of a centenarian

By Trent Feagles

The Queen's Plate comes along for the 101st time next week at the Woodbine racetrack in Toronto, and nobody with a sense of sentimentality expects that Chester E. Pickering will be there to get the little purple suede bag of colts that is called the Queen's 99 guineas, but aren't?

Chester E. Pickering is 100 years old. You can't say he doesn't look 100, because who knows what 100 looks like? The last time I saw him was in March at the Gulfstream track in Florida, where this horse of his, Valiant Prince, was making his first start. Chester E. Pickering didn't look older to me than a lot of people I've seen in their 80s, such as George C. Scott, Ray Charles, and Jerry Seinfeld, the skin blushed here and there, and frail. He was in his box, where a nurse sat next to him and where the trainer of his horses, Frank Merrill, sat with him. He seldom smiled, except to blink, and he said in his soft, raspy voice, "I don't hear so good, or see much either." It was a warm, steady afternoon. He wore a straw hat and a buttoned sweater cut under a green-checked sports jacket. His expression did not change during the race. When he saw the horses and maybe he didn't, his cut was fourth.

This is the one, this Valiant Prince, who'll carry Chester E. Pickering's pink and green goggles in the Plate next week. Pickering lives in Ottawa, where, years ago, he began and ran the DuSable company, but Merrill says he'll be in Woodbine for the big race.

Thirty years ago, when Pickering was already 70, a big shambling, loud guy named Jim Fair tried to convince him to buy a race horse. Fair was like a lot of people you'll find along the backstretch at race tracks: a baggy, carefree, broke and content as long as there's a horse around needing care and feeding.

Anyway, Chester Pickering bought Jim a colt every two years, back in the early 1950s, but when Fair suggested he get his own feet wet, he said no. He was too old to be starting in the game now.

But 30 years after that, in 1972, Frank Merrill, who, by the

way, has been one of the continent's great horse trainers for decades, got a call from Chester Pickering.

"He said he'd been watching my career and that he wanted me to get him a horse as he could have some fun," Merrill remembers now. "He asked me how much money I needed to get him going, and I said, oh, 171, got something for \$20,000 or so, which I did. Wouldn't you know, he was and was and was, and I buy another, and it just kept going like that."

A couple of springs later I got a call from Mr. Pickering. He wants to know how he has any horses I say, sure, you got six. And he says, "You! Where did you get the money?" And I tell him, hey, that's simple, one time he had 19 and another time he's down to three and right now there's six. He has started coming to Hialeah every day to watch."

In this fashion nine years slipped past, with Merrill claiming a horse here, losing a horse there, he his Mr. Pickering. One afternoon at the track,

when he was 76, Chester Pickering leaned close to Frank, and here is the way Frank recalls the conversation.

"Frank, I want to be in the winner's enclosure on Queen's Plate Day when I am a hundred. Get me a horse. And he gives me the authority to spend money to find him the one."

Frank spent some moments looking around last summer and fall at Woodbine and last winter in Florida for a Canadian-bred stable for the Plate and worth the money.

One morning at Gulfstream, a big, strong bay charger owned by a friend of Merrill's, Albert Traskel, practically popped the springs in the clockwork watches with a brilliant workout. He repeated it a couple of times, getting a lot of attention from trainers who were working other horses over the rich lawn. Traskel had placed this colt for \$24,000 two years ago. He didn't mean him as a two-year-old because, awkward and gauchy, the colt had the shape of a minor cologne. But, in the early months of his three-year-old year, his works mightily impressed Merrill, among others.

"Here was the one," Frank reflects. "Getting over that awkwardness made him a good horse for Mr. Pickering. So what we did, we paid \$75,000 [U.S.] for him but we didn't lay all that on Mr. Pickering. He's in for 50 percent, which is \$30,000, and the horse will race in his colors. Two of my other owners, John Haddad and Paul Young, are in for 20 percent each, and so am I."

In Valiant Prince's first five starts he barely fulfilled the promise of these Florida earnings. He was better than fourth only once and, if he stays sound and gets to the Plate, he can't be any better than 65 to 1 without the crowd being in need of immediate psychiatric attention. Still, if a miracle happens, 100-year-old Chester E. Pickering will collect the Queen's prize. However, he will not be taking home any 99 guineas in a little, purple suede bag. Indeed, he never saw his. The purse does not contain guineas, but seven-figure. The meeting of guineas was discontinued in England during the reign of George III. It makes no difference to Chester E. Pickering. Hundred-year-olds are indifferent to buy details

Playing football under a snowdrift

"I am 30 years old and desperate"

With those plaintive words Don Reese, former defensive end with the San Diego Chargers, launched a page one ad campaign in last week's Sports Illustrated that has sent a shiver of cold through the National Football League in a April cover story. Reese charges that cocaine is a life in the NFL, in telling the story of the silver collar of his \$180,000-a-year career due to an \$18,000-a-month cocaine habit, Reese says that a "norty" "body" was so common he sucking grapes for some of his teammates at the Miami Dolphins (1971-74), New Orleans Saints (1975-76) and San Diego Chargers (1984). Reese charges that the mid-1980 version of the Saints, which at one point languished with a 6-14 record, was befuddled by more than an opponent head slap. "New Orleans was a better shot than the Redskins," he says. "Players smoked out in the locker room before the game and again at halftime." When he moved to San Diego in 1981, Reese alleges that he was introduced to freemaking—including the fumes of heated cocaine—by long-haired, suggestively muscled back Chuck Muncie. The charges, not surprisingly, have been met by a chorus of denials.

"Believe it is the saddest comment of mountains 15-year veterans and six players' Association President Gene Upshaw. But Muncie and San Francisco 49ers defensive back Larry Munford, also alleged as a cocaine user, are considering legal action. Reese contacted the magazine shortly before checking into a detoxification hospital three months ago. Written during his cure, the piece was intended as a confession. Reese didn't lack material. He started using cocaine shortly after joining the Dolphins in 1974. Reese and fellow team member Randy Cross were hooked for decades in 1977 and both served a year behind bars. Ironically, it was the time in jail that almost landed them in Canada. With most people, including the players, fearing that their playing days in the NFL were over, their Toronto-based General Manager Dick Shaver transferred to Florida to make them a \$300,000-a-year offer. It fell through partially because Canadian immigration authorities indicated they would turn them back on their entry visa. Nevertheless, Reese found himself back in the NFL, but the next three years were a daunting spiral of rising debts, threatening cocaine dealers and delusory play. Declaring that he was leaving the game for good this year, he laments, "I hate football. I hate the NFL." The sentiment appears

neutral. Ramirez Upshaw: "He's having his own personal problems right now and he knows he's through with football, so when he leaves he decides to press on as all."

Despite the details, the NFL was concerned enough about player addiction to establish a residential drug and alcohol rehabilitation program two years ago. So far 17 players have used the service, among them: Minnesota Vikings quarterback Tommy Kramer, Carl Eller, formerly all-pro defensive end and the Vikings and the Seattle Seahawks, and former Dallas Cowboy Thomas

(Hollywood) Henderson. The Canadian Football League's ongoing program is limited to a victim assistance program mounted in all team dressing rooms and a package of articles in a pamphlet available to all clubs.

Don Reese claims to have checked down his habit, but his troubles may not be over. Reevaluation of his cocaine use in the past year's article may mean he has technically violated his parole. If that's what a judge decides, the non-traditional confinement could cost him 15 years in the Bait County Shocks. —TRENT FEAGLES



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When Hollywood movies open in New York, it usually happens amid paparazzi and rented limos. Last week's premiere of the National Film Board of Canada's controversial *Not A Love Story: A Film About Pornography* was much more somber. Ms. magazine editor **Glenn Feldman** told a packed theatre of about 400 that a woman who reads or watches pornography is as bad as a Jew who reads Nazi material. Beside her as the speaker's platform was the most famous ex-porn queen of all, 30-year-old **Shirley Lovelace**. **Worldwide**: A married mother of two who spends her time gardening, Marchese exposed her ex-porn career in a 1980 autobiography, *Ordeal*. Showing the film brought back the nightmare: "I couldn't watch it twice," she said. "In the deepest anthropological sense, she was a prisoner of war," Feldman explained. Marchese



Lovelace (Lovelace) Feldman: a PCW

would like to convey that message on the screen but so far she can't even interest the arm. Perhaps, in the words of *The New York Times* critic **Vincent Canby**, she "sincerely felt, carefully considered polemic" at a time is enough.

After years of looking and sounding like a cross between **Jane Fonda** and **Grace Slick** have made **Glenn Heathington's** household name in Canada. But, at 34, the Westport-born singer is still chasing the elusive big break. This month she is scoring one stop closer with a guest-starring role in her first television drama. In the upcoming episode of CBC TV's new series *Saving Things*, Heathington plays a

has-been singer who is reduced to delivering romantic ballads at an airport lounge. To cash in as the death of her more popular hobby, she records an album of *Womanly* this complete with a backup of white-gowned choruses. The dramatic irony was missing to onlookers. But the chief of *Heathington* down to much that, as a lunch break, a friend walked right by: "I looked so straight, he didn't know me," she laughs. One of her acting failures, Heathington calls the experience "a nice way to cruise into learning about film." But she is definitely interested in more offers. Whether it is singing or acting, to paraphrase Ms. H, she would like to succeed fast, before the pull of gravity ruins her figure.

Despite recruitment from police and protests from city councils, **Globe's** *Guardian Angels* have set up patrols in 31 cities across the United States in the past three years. Now *Stars* is planning to branch out into Canada. The first chapter will be a visible "Sentinel to citizens" on the streets of Windsor, Ontario's worst tale, as early as September, Silas vows. Though **Albion** **Elizabeth Kishore** called the group "a threat to our police," and Police Chief **John Shuttleworth** warned of lawsuits, responses from the citizenry has been good. Silas has signed up 20 applicants this past week and will start the rigorous training program in a local karate school as soon as the number hits 50. Silas's wife, Lisa—also a *Guardian Angel*—expresses that their intentions are above reproach: "I have been asked to model *Guardian Angel* jeans, but we refused because it goes against the spirit of what we are trying to accomplish." As for Shuttleworth's prediction that the Angels will be slapped with suits, the 5,137 members have made only 256 citizens' arrests and have still to contend with a single suit. Never mind that, says Shuttleworth,



Heathington the screen: on the road to a new career?

the *Guardians* will not be making any arrests in his city. "We actually have to see a crime take place before we can make a citizen's arrest," Silas points out. Perhaps their presence will take care of the problem.

Silas: Windsor is next



"The road to discrimination is paved with affirmative action," insists angry *Yellowknife* chartered accountant **Far Hamer**. A resident of the North for 10 years, Hamer is upset by the new N.W.T. student-aid provisions that extend tuition and travel grants to all post-secondary school students but make only native students eligible for a living allowance while they attend an institution outside the Territories.

To protest the ruling, Hamer is organizing a civil rights group on behalf of his fellow "orthodox"—a category coined by the government to classify anyone who is not Inuit, Inuk or Métis. Equality North, the name Hamer settled upon after his original choice—*Society of Orthodox*—was deemed too dramatic story, now plans to take the grievance to the courts and to the Human Rights Commission.

Starnes Hamer: "How else I tell my children that they have become second-class citizens?" To avoid that discussion, he vows to take his protests all the way to the United Nations.

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The rights of the accused on trial

By Linda McQuay

John Pratico sat in the front seat of a parked car, smoking a cigarette, sipping coffee from a Styrofoam cup—and shaking uncontrollably. The 47-year-old Cape Breton resident was struggling to talk about events 11 years ago that have become a nightmare for him. In 1971, at the age of 36, he was the lay witness at a murder trial in Sydney, N.S., and he testified that he had seen Donald Marshall stab Sandy Seale. Now, nervously overlooking the press, he admits that he was lying. "I didn't see anything. I just sat there talking," he says. But he put Donald Marshall in prison for almost 11 years.

Marshall's case was reopened last winter, and in March he was released to a halfway home in Halifax where he awaits the outcome of the investigation. One possibility is a new trial that could clear him of the murder conviction. Another, more dramatic, is a free pardon—probably the first granted in this country—that would declare him innocent. But his case and the recent dismissal of the last grantee, Toronto native Susan Nollen on charges of murdering four babies at the Hospital for Sick Children, have drawn as much attention to the rights of the accused in the criminal justice system. The most basic tenet of that system is that a person is innocent until proven guilty. Still, despite the safeguards built into the Criminal Code, there is always the chance that Kiefer's borrowing someone will come true: that someone will be sent to jail for a crime he did not commit.

Some defence lawyers say that Canadians may be deluding themselves if they believe that one of the pluses of safeguards protecting them from such a stroke of bad luck. "The accused doesn't have a lot of rights," says prominent Toronto criminal lawyer Edward Greenspan. "People are shocked when they find out how few safeguards there really are."

The Donald Marshall case, for one, is a regularly powerful example of the one of four wrong safeguards. In 1971, 12 jurors swore in the unanimous conclusion that he was guilty beyond a reason-

able doubt. Yet as their investigation this spring is expected to uncover him. What is more, the RCMP now has a new suspect and an alleged murder weapon found in the basement of the suspect's previous residence. Says RCMP Cpl. Jim Carroll: "It's the most fascinating case I've worked on in 30 years."

It may also be the most frightening case in recent Canadian judicial history. Sydney is a quiet industrial town of about 36,000 in rural Cape Breton

religious leader for the Micmac of Nova Scotia. The two boys had known one another for several years. Initially, the Seale parents had even invited the Marshall parents to their home for dinner on May 28. The dinner never took place. On May 28 Sandy Seale was brutally stabbed as he stood in the park with Donald Marshall.

Just what happened in the park that night is still unclear, but there are new indications that Seale and Marshall may have approached the killer in the park. What is clear is that Donald Marshall was from the same of the stabbing to a nearby street where he encountered 14-year-old Maynard Chant, who was later to become a key witness at Marshall's trial. After showing Chant a stab wound on his arm, Marshall fled down a passing car and the two of them returned to the scene. Marshall later told police that he and Seale had been approached in the park by two men wearing long, dark coats and that one of them had stabbed Seale and stabbed Marshall's arm before he escaped.

If the story sounded far-fetched, there was still little evidence pointing to Marshall. Police found no weapon, and Marshall had, after all, fled down a car and with only returned to the scene of the murder. And Chant, who later testified that he saw the killing, never identified Marshall as the murderer at the time, even though he had plenty of opportunity to do. The police further insisted, Marshall's stab wound was on his left arm, as that if the wound was, as was later suggested, self-inflicted, he would almost certainly have had to do it with his right hand. Yet Marshall is left-handed.

But what police said did have—and what became the key evidence in the trial against Marshall—was the testimony of two young witnesses who claimed to have seen Marshall stab Seale. On June 6 police arrested Donald Marshall Jr., now said to be the last he saw of freedom for almost 11 years.

In fact, the evidence of the two young witnesses was weak, and the defence urged the jury to consider it unreliable. To begin with, John Pratico, who claimed he had been sitting in the



Marshall in 1971: After 17 years spent behind bars, talk of a pardon

banker watching Marshall and Seale, admitted in his testimony that he was intoxicated at the time, having drunk half a bottle of wine, not just one bottle of beer, several pints of beer and possibly—he could not remember for sure—some rum. In fact, 36-year-old Pratico had been on a bender, having been drunk the day before as well. The other witness, Maynard Chant, who had failed three grades in school, contradicted himself in his testimony, claiming at one point that he had seen the murder and later denying it.

But the judge allowed the jury that the two witnesses were the key to the case against Marshall and stressed that they would have no motive for lying. One of the jurors, 66-year-old Annemarie King of Lunenburg, N.S., says the fact that there were two witnesses was important to the jury. King also points out that suggestions during the trial that the witnesses feared retaliation by members of the Indian community worried against Donald Marshall. "It certainly didn't help," says King. Both Chant and Pratico say they did feel intimidated by the Indian community. But they say that they also feared another group that was not mentioned at the trial—the Sydney police.

Both witnesses now say they did not see Marshall stab Seale in separate interviews with Maclean's. They said that the Sydney police had interrogated them extensively and were reluctant to accept their insistence that they had not seen the murder. Because of their backgrounds—Pratico has spent time in a mental hospital, and Chant was in

various of events in court—their current accounts might not carry much weight in court. Nevertheless, Chant, who was on probation at the time and had been breaking curfew the night of the murder, and police had told him he could be charged with perjury and end up imprisoned for two to five years if he lied, insisting that he had not seen the stabbing. "I was a scared kid," he said.

For his part, Pratico said the police kept coming to his home at different times of the day and told him that if he did not tell them the truth he could end up in jail. "They thought I was lying," says Pratico, "but I was telling the truth." Pratico says he and Chant were interviewed alternately for hours at a time, after one was taken out, the other would be taken in. "I was getting a headache listening to them [the police]."

Pratico also contends that the police knew he had a "nervous problem" and that they had driven him to a psychiatric hospital in Dartmouth, where he was admitted for years before the trial. That was not introduced as evidence at the trial. Sydney Police Chief John Maclellan, who headed the investigation as a detective in 1971 and has since been promoted to chief, refused to discuss the case with Maclean's because it is under investigation.

Both the witnesses say that their insistence has bothered them for a decade because they knew that their testimony was largely responsible for Marshall's conviction. They both insist that they tried to tell the truth, Chant by denying it one point in his testimony that he saw the killing and Pratico by trying to talk in private to one of the defence lawyers. In one of the more bizarre sequences in the effort, Pratico approached defence lawyer Simon Khattar in the hall outside the courtroom and insisted that he had something to tell him. Khattar immediately called over a few witnesses, including the sheriff, and Pratico proceeded to blurt out that he had not seen the killing. That sequence was later proven to be a lie.

Two more surprising, Sydney police seemed unimpressed when other witnesses later came forward and gave information suggesting that someone else had done the killing. Despite the fact that three individuals came forward on separate occasions and identified the same man—who is now the prime suspect—police took little notice. One Sydney man, who claimed to be with the killer at the time of the stabbing, came forward to advise they after Marshall's conviction, but his story was not accepted. The same man was later identified to police by his wife, and as a result he was given a lie detector test. But results proved inconclusive, and the matter was not pursued as a separate development several years later, the teenage daughter of the suspect confessed to her marital arts instructor, David Reichardt, that she had seen her father come home with a knife the night of the murder and insist in a court that he had killed someone. Reichardt, now a 32-year-old high school senior, says that he told the girl who was going to the police and went along with her. But, he says, the police told them the case was closed. Says Reichardt: "They weren't closed—prepared to listen."

Marshall is now waiting in Halifax for the pardon that could send him home a free man. Susan Nollen tries to sit together with remains of her life after living under the shadow of a murder conviction for more than a year. Yet, increasingly, though both can point to the need for strong safeguards for the accused, they are attracting notice at a time when the rights of the accused are being taken for granted. Says Maclellan: "It is a desperate property that Seale before the Criminal



Reichardt case closed

K

lawyers point with alarm to recent moves by legal authorities in Ontario to clarify what is perhaps the most crucial bulwark of the defence system for the accused: the preliminary hearing. A criminal review in which a judge determines whether or not there is any evidence that could lead to a conviction.

Critics of the preliminary hearing process say it is costly and unnecessary. Ontario has been considering reorganizing it for years in the interests of saving money and court time, and justice officials in Ontario would also like to see it trimmed. In 1978 an internal federal justice department memo proposed changes that would have restricted the scope of the early hearings. If Ottawa had anticipated criticism that it biased down in the face of strong reaction from the Ontario Criminal Lawyers' Association, but the push to limit the scope of preliminary hearings gained momentum last month when a committee of Ontario judges, Crown attorneys and defence lawyers—formed following a request by the federal government—recommended changes that would trim the rights of defence lawyers at the hearings. Two of the four lawyers on the committee dissented, and the Criminal Lawyers' Association came out against the changes, charging that they would weaken key safeguards for the accused.

Defence lawyers argue that the preliminary hearing provides a crucial barrier that can spare innocent victims the ordeal of a long and humiliating trial. The preliminary hearing only determines whether or not there is any evidence that could lead to a conviction—a test so minimal that it offers a chance to weed out very weak cases at an early stage. "If there's not even that sufficient evidence to pass the preliminary, you can't want a trial," says Doug Baraband, Canada's assistant deputy Crown attorney. Earl Levy, vice-president of the Criminal Lawyers' Association, says that some 15 per cent of cases that go to preliminary across Canada end up being thrown out before they go to trial.

In Vancouver, earlier this spring, a judge spared a former mayor of Langley, B.C., a grueling ordeal when he threw out charges of public fraud after finding as evidence against the defendant a preliminary hearing. The judge, in fact, may have acted completely in the public interest. "It was the most amazing bloody case," says his lawyer, Murray Storrer.

"Charges never should have been laid," says Storrer, one of the lawyers defending Susan Nelles, says that if the preliminary hearing had been limited in the way now proposed, Nelles' case might well have proceeded to trial, which would have meant an even greater and more protracted ordeal for her, as well as higher legal fees. Under the proposed changes, the defence lawyers would also be allowed to cross-examine witnesses if they could convince a judge that this was necessary. In the Nelles case, the right to cross-examine was crucial, Storrer says, because the Crown introduced evidence

like "making cars," says Greenstein. "Speed should have no place in the criminal justice system." Ruby agrees that Ottawa is increasingly losing touch with what is one of the most basic tenets of the democratic system: a citizen's right to be tried by his peers in the form of a jury trial. This is happening because more and more types of offences are being defined as "hybrids," which means Crown prosecutors are allowed to choose whether to proceed by indictment or by the less serious route of summary conviction. If they proceed by summary, the defendant loses the right to opt for trial by jury and the right to a preliminary hearing. The new Canadian Charter of Rights, in fact, only guarantees that citizens will have the right to a jury trial for offences carrying a maximum sentence of two years.

Another protection for the accused that has disappeared in recent years is almost all parts of Canada in the grand jury—a panel of citizens that hears evidence of a case in private before the trial. Rod McLeod, Ontario's assistant deputy attorney general, argues that, in fact, grand juries offered little real protection, because no defence lawyers were present, juries tended to believe the Crown prosecutor who was giving them the evidence. But Peter McWilliams, a Wilson, Ont., lawyer and author of *Canadian Crime and Justice*, recalls that in Hamilton, Ont., a very weak rape case passed through a preliminary inquiry because there was some evidence—the testimony of the woman. But when a grand jury heard the circumstances, it threw the case out, sparing everyone involved the trauma of a trial that would almost inevitably have led to an acquittal.

Both the Nelles and Marshall cases have raised the issue of compensation for accused persons who are found to be innocent. Nelles can expect a staggering legal bill, estimated to be close to \$150,000. And Marshall's lawyer, Stephen Aronson, is hoping to win compensation for his client—as well as considering the possibility of suing as his agent, should anyone want to sue a member of Marshall's family. But financial compensation or even more royalties—does little to ease the emotional scars of months of living under a murder accusation or years of being behind bars. Says Donna Dewick, Marshall's 30-year-old sister: "There's no way to ever replace those years he spent in prison."



Nelles at the start of her ordeal seeking compensation.

suggesting that it was possible for the lethal drug digoxin to kill slowly, leading open the possibility that Nelles could have been responsible for a death that took place while she was not even on duty. But under cross-examination by the defence, the doctor revealed that, although this delayed-release death was theoretically possible, the possibility was almost nil considering the circumstances surrounding the death.

Both Greenstein and Toronto lawyer Clayton Ruby contend that Canadian authorities, in their efforts to strengthen court procedures, are reducing the rights of the accused. "Criminal law was not created to be a production line,"

both Greenstein and Toronto lawyer Clayton Ruby contend that Canadian authorities, in their efforts to strengthen court procedures, are reducing the rights of the accused. "Criminal law was not created to be a production line,"

Wick/Jones from Justice Canada.

TECHNOLOGY

Fusing the future

By Pat Oldender

It sounds like science fiction: fusing atoms, glass of water into energy in light white dials. The means of that transformation is nuclear fusion, the reaction that fires the sun and stars. For decades scientists have been trying to recreate such power on Earth, and finally technology is bringing the dream within reach. An inexhaustible fuel is increasingly being used and each renewable energy alternative as solar, wind and tidal power are proving useful only in certain areas, fusion seems too good to be true. It will use an inexhaustible resource: water. It will not pollute the atmosphere. No knowledge chemical or radioactive byproducts will build up. The chance of a serious accident are minimal. What's more, fusion can produce potentially more energy per gram of fuel than any other source of power imaginable: the energy it can release from one gram of heavy water—deuterium—is equivalent to burning 14 tonnes of oil.

Most scientists don't expect to see the first working fusion power plant until the year 2030. But with an eye toward the future, virtually every industrialized nation is engaged in fusion research. After a decade of uncertainty, Canada, too, has joined the international "fusion club." Hydro-Quebec's \$40-million fusion research machine, begun last year, will be completed in 1984. And last month the federal and Ontario governments unveiled plans for a \$11-million project on fusion fuels. Just how and when fusion will fit into Canada's future, however, is unclear. For this country has abundant sources of hydroelectric, oil and gas, and conventional fossil-fuel power.

Today's fusion reactors split large nuclei of uranium into smaller atoms and harness the energy released to create generators. But nuclear fusion—literally "fusing" two hydrogen nuclei to form helium—can happen only under conditions that approximate the sun, which is a natural fusion reactor. The heat in the fusion chamber must exceed the sun's, reaching such intensity—100 million degrees Celsius—that the hydrogen atoms slip from the gas phase into the so-called "fourth state of matter," plasma. In that state, the nuclei (containing protons and neutrons) and the electrons flow separately and suspended. Only then can the nuclei of the hydrogen isotopes, deuterium and tritium, wade, shooting off in the pro-

cess an extra neutron and a wallow of energy. Due to the sun's massive density and gravity, repelling protons can be forced together at cooler temperatures.

Yet a working fusion reactor will not be so inflexible. Because fusing hydrogen nuclei releases so much energy, less than a millilitre of water will be vaporized in the reactor at any one time. In fact, conditions in the fusion chamber will approach a vacuum—100,000 times less dense than air. That means that if something goes wrong, the reaction will simply stop, and the gas will dissipate.

It is precisely this built-in "safety feature" that has fascinated and challenged fusion scientists for 30 years: how to maintain the impossible temperatures and keep the plasma suspended long enough for nuclear fusion to take place. The best answer so far is in high-powered magnets.

Because plasma is swirling with electric charges, it can, with difficulty, be confined and shaped by lines of magnetic force. Edward Teller, inventor of the hydrogen bomb (which, alas, is a

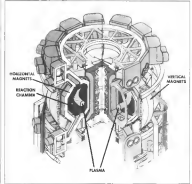
type of fusion machine), has likened this to "trying to confine jelly with rubber bands." Two promising types of "magnetic bottles" have evolved. One type forces the plasma into a suspended sausage shape by means of powerful magnets at either end. But most scientists favour the "tokamak" design, which creates a doughnut-shaped plasma using sets of high-powered vertical and horizontal magnets.

However, there's more than one way to fuse a nucleus. In the "vertical confinement" method, high energy lasers bombard a droplet or frozen pellet of hydrogen until it explodes, thus fusing nuclei and releasing energy. Although the laser research lags behind the magnetic work, most scientists feel both should be pursued.

In both streams of research the goal is the break-even point, where the amount of energy put into the fuel to create the reaction equals the amount of energy released. So far, however, fusion has been sustained for only a fraction of a second, hardly long enough to drive a generator. The problem now is how to control that successful fraction to several minutes, or even indefinitely. Clearly, more time and creative solutions are needed before starting power plants.

Canada's role in this effort is already strong. If narrowly focused Quebec, for example, boasts the largest electric util-

A Tokamak fusion reactor: transforming water into enough energy to light cities.



By research lab in North America. Hydro-Québec scientists will concentrate on problems of current flow in the magnetic surrounding the reaction vessel. The small tokamak research machine will operate at five million degrees Celsius to simulate fusion conditions. Quebecers Richard Bellin, head of the Rhex project "Rex for, the big-name has been hampered by short plans of current in the magnets."

Because of its experience with CANDU technology, Ontario is the logical place to co-ordinate research on fusion plants, manufacturing, handling, storing and moving them. "We feel ourselves in the fortunate position of being the largest producers of uranium in the world," says Ken Dwyer, head of the Ontario project. As a tripartite with \$10 million per kilowatt on the international market, the Canadian fusion fuels project faces a bright future.

Despite the commitment of funds and talent to the fusion dream in Canada and around the world, so one claims the process will be perfect. Although its hazards seem negligible when compared to those of fission, a serious drawback is that tritium is radioactive. Even though tritium will be used up as it disappears, the danger is that it will be disposed of, the hazardous reaction vessels and tritium must eventually be put to rest safely.

Nonetheless, the major stumbling block for fusion may turn out to be economics. "Yes, a glass of water could supply electricity for a city," says Victor Rubin, a researcher at Toronto's Energy Probe. "But by the time you turn it into electricity and tritium, it's a very expensive glass of water." What's more, the first working fusion reactor will likely cost \$1 billion.

The key question according to Terence Brown, National Research Council scientist and main architect of the federal fusion program, is, "Can we afford not to have it?" Yet the main reason for Canada's entry into the fusion club, he claims, is that other countries, such as Japan (with precious few domestic energy resources), will need fusion. Says Brown: "We want to make sure that 30 years from now we're still in a reasonable position to be a first mover in the race of a lucrative fusion market."

But others, like Dwyer, cherish a more idealistic vision: he hopes that this country will be chosen as the home for the first working fusion power plant—a co-operative, international venture of the "big four" in fusion research—the United States, the U.S.S.R., the European Community and Japan.

But before that happens, and even before Canada begins taking orders for tritium, enough scientists are becoming the fusion dream to keep scientists busy for years. ☐

PRESS

A scoop that backfired

It was the kind of story most reporters dream of but never write. Toronto Star reporter Donald Ramsey's scoop could have toppled the federal government. It could have won awards. The June 4, 1991, story, written by Ramsey and veteran reporter Robert Boyd, claimed that federal Indian and Northern Affairs Minister John Manoen had plotted illegally from under the Indian Act to strip the title of the land in the province of Ontario. The story was so powerful that it was widely reprinted. It was so powerful that it was widely reprinted. It was so powerful that it was widely reprinted.

As the case went to court in Manoen's home town of Hamilton, Ont., last week, so one was asking over the libel, just damages. A week before the trial, the story appeared, the Star admitted it had libeled Manoen in what an lawyer described as "a complete and abject" apology. But Ramsey's lawyer, John Howley, is arguing that the statement was too little too late. He is also arguing that the Star acted with malice in attacking Manoen. An evidence he cited the paper's attempt to "lie up information of a derogatory nature" after the story had run and the Star had discovered that Ramsey had fabricated the evidence upon which it was based.

Other evidence of alleged malice includes Boyd's description of Ramsey working around a newspaper's supposedly taking Manoen to Peru and shooting, "The paper that — Manoen." And after the newspaper disappeared — lost or stolen, Ramsey claimed — Boyd argued in a libel suit that "an abject apology to a man whose name would destroy the credibility of the story."

Abject apologies will not help the Star's case if malice is proved, say legal experts. And proof of malice goes the way to high-damage, punitive damages, such as those awarded in two recent actions against the CMC. In British Columbia, Deputy Attorney General Richard Vogel was awarded \$225,000 plus costs and interest after a CMC suit alleged he interfered in the course of a lawsuit against the federal government, was a criminal against

the CMC had accused him of arson.

The proliferation of libel suits has damaged a picture of what some consider an increasingly considerate Canadian press. In the Manoen case, activists have centred on how such an explosive story, absolutely untrue, could ever appear in a major daily newspaper. With issues from the Star have admitted that no effort ever examined the piece of verbiage on which Ramsey based his charges. The Star is hoping to prove it handled the story responsibly by supplying Boyd to help Ramsey cover the



Manoen asking court for libel suit.

investigation got under way. But Boyd insisted in court that he wanted the story, pulled from the June 4 edition.

The Star's gate was "an almost insurmountable barrier to a story of this nature," according to Peter DeLoraine, dean of journalism at the University of Western Ontario, who speculated that the Star editors had fallen into "a state of collective self-hypnosis. They really desperately wanted that story to be true."

"Absolute rubbish," counters Star Editor Peter Worthington. "No paper wants to print stories that aren't true." Worthington admits to a "mistake" but not "liars," saying that although his staff has been known to make copy-right practices have not changed a bit. —JOHN BARNES

RELIGION

An offering-plate crunch

By Val Ross

On Sunday mornings in downtown London, Ont., streams of people converge on the massive red-brick cathedral of Metropolitan United Church. By the time the church's 60-venerable choir begins to sing, the faithful have become a mighty flow more than 1,500 strong.

Metropolitan's is currently the largest congregation in the 900,000-member United Church of Canada. Since its birth in 1964, this uniquely Canadian denomination has shaped the beliefs of some of the country's influential Christians. The list of its clergyman-turned-mps includes socialist leaders J.B. Woodsworth and T.C. Douglas, and David Macdonald, secretary of state for the last Conservative government. To watch the overflowing congregation search for space among Metropolitan's crowded pews is to believe that the power and the glory of the United Church stand undimmed to this day.

Not so. The United Church is running out of cash. For the past decade inflation-wracked expeditors have outstripped what is dropped into offering plates. And in the past year reserves shrank from \$1.5 million to \$100,000. The result is a dearth of national funds for evangelism and church-building in new communities. Nor is there adequate support for mission and aid projects overseas and in each of the church's regional conferences.

Rev. Alwyn Wright, deputy secretary of the General Council, says the situation amounts to "stratification." A mission board, the Thomas Crosby V, can no longer be funded to carry ministers to remote B.C. coastal towns on a year-round basis. The Synodical Conference's position, to provide native ministers for Indian congregations and female faculty for its theological colleges, were shelved until a special appeal for funds was launched. Yet if present trends continue, the projected deficit will still top \$2 million by 1994.

The United Church's history of financial woes is just one voice in the rising chorus from most of the liberal mainstream denominations. Both the Anglican and the Presbyterian churches have resorted to deficit budgeting this year. "Europe's feeling the crunch," admits Rabbi Meir of the United Jewish Ap-

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THE QUATTRO

peal. But the United Church, as the most decentralized denomination with one of the most ambitious ranges of national and international good works, is the worst hit.

The culprit is inflation, but in the case of the liberal churches it has been abetted by viable or defunct membership. Slipping from a peak of 1.6 million members in 1965, the United Church has just recorded its 10th straight year of membership loss. By contrast, the pews of traditional churches have not been notably eroded. Religious conservatives quickly

saw on this point to argue that the liberals are being punished for having strayed too far from God and too deeply into controversial social justice issues. A case in point is the United Church's 1980 task force on human sexuality, which gave qualified endorsement to homosexual and religious endorsement for homosexuals. "It shudders to think that the aggressive world looks upon the United Church as a group trying to make room for downright evilness," storms Ken Chaplin of Weland, Ont., who attended Christmas who has been expelled from the United Church.

But there is no statistical proof that such outraged conservatives account for the bulk of the exodus. Points out Henry MacLeod, a Toronto-based sociologist whose PhD focused on the United Church's history, the lost sheep include social justice activists whose time is drained by myriad other commitments. Says MacLeod: "We're still losing members to Amnesty International."

Such analyses reassure the United Church's national officers, who do not easily refuse to look down from the social angels they have experienced when their church was founded in 1925. So, instead of attacking the problem of defecting members, the church is concentrating on role and task infusion to boost its dwindling dollars. Individual congregations are helping in by giving up several positions, foregoing expenses and something for ways to cut costs: heating bills. One Weland congregation, All People's United, has even installed solar collectors. Meanwhile, the national office has struck a commitment to decide which major good works must be unspooled (help for the handicapped? missions to Japan?). At the same time, it has launched a special appeal for \$40 million to develop new church construction, rebuild old ones and stabilize the pension fund. The campaign's New York-based co-ordinator, Community Counselling Services Inc., which is being paid \$1.8 million for its services, is running a similar appeal for the Anglican Church.

These struggles have not involved universal triumph. For one thing, some feel that a special appeal could drain the church membership's Sunday-to-Sunday generosity. After raising \$19 million in a special appeal, the American Presbyterian Church may organize mission donations elsewhere by 30 per cent. Ben Lorne Walsh, executive secretary of the Toronto conference, has another concern: "Concentrating on personnel and buildings doesn't remind us of the church's true goals in the world."

Ironically, some theological observers speculate that the United Church's fortunes—and those of the other liberal denominations—could pick up soon, for reasons that have nothing to do with current politics. American political Daniel Vandenberg detects generalized disillusionment with socialism. Moreover, arguing that "the appeal of churchgoing has more to do with family life cycles than with church politics," Henry MacLeod suggests that membership losses could also be assessed as the baby boom returns to the fold with the older generation of Sunday schoolers. But those distant prophecies give scant comfort to a church whose immediate cash flow problems remain real and urgent. ♦

BOOKS

Still at the heart of the matter

MONSIEUR QUOTIDIE

by Graham Greene

(Lester and Orpen Denyse, \$13.95)

When Graham Greene published *Monsieur Quotidie* in 1980, his favorite bedtime reading was one of the first and greatest novels in all of Western literature, *Rapport de Cervantes*. Don Quixote. After completing his bleak parable of wealth and despair, Greene must have found the passion and irony of Cervantes particularly refreshing. His new book has an audacious simplicity of form: a contemporary retelling of the travels of that visionary knight. (The novel is being published in Canada months before its appearance in the States, thanks to the writer's memo. Toronto publisher Lester Denyse.) To those who have never read Cervantes and who are unfamiliar with the landmarks of Greatland, *Monsieur Quotidie* may well seem dry and a little ponderous. But in fact this act of literary homage ranks among Greene's wisest, warmest, most eloquent. Not the verbal counterpart to an excellent little of *Quixote*.

But for the first time his hero is a pig: a humble, unwieldy man from a little town in rural Spain, distinguished only by his profession. An unassuming promoter to the level of a manager (Greene's very apt word for the knightly status of the original Quixote) and the heartiness of his local bishop mean that the priest must take to the road. His trusty squire, who is called Soacha Pizarra in just, in the town's former mayor, a Communist who had once studied Quixote. The relationship between them runs strands at the heart of the novel, many long episodes of which are devoted to their good-humored but searching debates. Greene has often portrayed Marxists and Catholics as the two most compelling ideologies of our time. By the end of *Monsieur Quotidie*, the mayor (naturally), and the mayor has lost his Atlantic faith, the class is an act of communion between two men who have grown to love sharing their bond and wine. But the compromise cannot last. Happiness in *Quotidie* is always temporary, always at



Greene: his verbal counterpart to a bottle of fine Cognac

the mercy of brutal forces in the outside world and usually wrapped with the approach of death.

One cryptic quotation from Don Quixote is repeated several times in the novel: "There are no birds this year in last year's nests." This applies not only to the wayfaring of the manager but to the restless imagination of his squire, Graham Greene, a man who once composed a reputation to a death wish. His refusal to repeat himself. Never before in his more than half a century of novel-writing has he shaped his obsessions to a ready-made pattern—in *Monsieur Quotidie* many of the adventures have their prototype in a novel first told by the Spanish Arriola was a recent memory. And in serving Cervantes, Greene's imaginations is liberated, both plot and theme blend the ancient and the modern. Greene's travellers may not joust at windmills, but they must do battle with a pair of malicious politicians (symbolic for the tranquillity of Don Quixote's peasant regime). The Don made a name called *Quotidie*, the manager's *Quotidie* is a battered car for which he reserves a gentle and heartfelt love. *Greene describes his hero as a limited descendant of the first Quixote, a man of letters and characters (and readers) a certain lucidity, as to how things*

made of flesh and blood can be descended from literature. He even permits one of his characters the Borges-like reflection, "Perhaps we are all fiction—in the mind of God."

Yet, despite its casual design, the novel contains much that will be familiar to Greene's multitude of admirers. The distrust of power, the fatal misadventure of Quixote, the affinity between good men of totally different beliefs and the desperate desire to believe in a god of love rather than a god of battles have character and life for many years. Today, no less than *The Power and the Glory* (1946) or *The Heart of the Matter* (1948), his characters are rarely at home, rarely at peace and generally convinced of their own failure. The resigned point and the defeated politician cannot bring a rule of justice and mercy to their turbulent nation. But they must go on trying, just as Graham Greene must go on writing. His readers, naturally, more stylish, more tender and more perceptive than we have any right to expect.

—MARK ADLEY

Reflections of a radical Tory

DEVISONS ON A GROUND EBBAYS ON CANADIAN CULTURE by Northern Frye (Anansi, \$13.95)

Hard on the heels of *The Great Canadian*, his magnum opus on the title and literature, the pre-eminent Canadian scholar Northern Frye has delivered *Devisons on a Ground*, an open text magazine but just as thought-provoking. *Devisons* on the Canadian imagination, *Devisons* is a selection of two essays and 11 speeches rendered into three parts: Writing, Thinking and The Social Order. The title refers both to variations on a named theme and the map maker's sectioning of Canadian geography. The style is vintage Frye—lucid, witty, bristling of ideas—written with occasional familiarity and

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Fries, seeking a "dialectic with bourgeois culture"

even popular immediacy

Highlighting the section on writing in the 1976 update of his seminal essay, the "Conclusion" in *A Literary History of Canada* first published in 1963, "Canadian literature is here, perhaps still a minor but certainly no longer a gleam in a poetical critic's eye," notes the reviewer, if not the progenitor, of CanLit. For Fries, the key cultural event of the post-war decades in Canada was the Quiet Revolution in Quebec, which not only reinforced that nation's self-image but stirred similar psychic responses in English Canada. As far as the denigrating efforts of American mass media on Canada's culture are concerned, he firmly states that "generic" American culture is equally threatened by it. Paradoxically, as Canadian culture struggles out of the corner of the past, he sees an unprecedented questioning of basic assumptions in the United States, so much so that "the American way of life is slowly becoming Canadianized" in-

stead, he predicts that in 10 years the lines of American and Canadian literature will be almost identical.

These eccentric forecasts reveal the prophet in Fries, an aspect of his writing persona usually overshadowed by his daunting wisdom. Politically, the union of the two agents makes Fries a classic specimen of the "tiny radical." That quintessentially Canadian trait has a strong social conscience and is convinced of the need to penance and respect the past, a ground theme that runs through every division of the book. According to Fries, the books of every art do not spring fully formed from a star-spangled pedestal but are generated by the traditions of that art. In the larger context of society as well, the individual grows out of the group rather than vice versa. And in teaching, the subject must lead the teacher, not the grad-

student speaking off in a seminar—is the highest authority. Fries's emphasis on fundamental knowledge refutes the common assumption that education is unimpeachable and unassailable, that orthodoxy is, in effect, antagonistic to culture. He unabashedly calls this "the central paradox of the contemporary world" and concludes that a withdrawal from nature urban in a growing individual from human society itself. This is not a random shift of basic romanticism intended to soften a classically severe concern with the past, but the articulation of a passionately felt organic unity embracing ecological, economic and spiritual values. When he says that the modernist-capitalist controversy is insignificant compared to seeking a "dialectic with an outraged nature," it is clear Fries has long since abandoned the ivory tower of academia for that no man's land where vision and prophecy where the visionary is king.

—MARK CLAWSON

FOR THE RECORD

Pure pop for adults

SHOOT OUT THE LIGHTS
Richard and Linda Thompson
(Windmill/ARX)

In spiritual childhood, it may be fashionable to dismiss all folk-rock as music for naive snots. But compared to the seedy poetry and posturing of electropop bands, this couple of '80s veterans (Richard was a founding member of Fairport Convention) sounds remarkably bright and fresh. World themes, mostly of adult despair, are combined with the delicacy of old Celtic airs. Songs such as *Just the Motion* and *Wall of Drunk* are melancholy in a way that is strongly comforting—what



Thompson: the comfort of melancholy

could be despairous is, in fact, rather inspirational. Though his vocals are sometimes oddish, Richard always lands the electric guitar deftly. And even more affecting than his husband's instrument is Linda's clear, sorrowful voice. Worn and weary like Marianne Faithfull, with the advantage of actually knowing how to carry a tune, she sings *Did She Jump or Was She Pushed?* from being surely somnambulant and turns *Waiting on a Wire*, a belated lover's complaint, into a universal lament for justice and sense.

COMBAT ROCK
The Clash
(Globe/AS)

The first cut, *Know Your Rights*, opens with the proclamation that "this is a public service announcement with gu-

tar," and sure enough, after 11 more tracks, that's about all you have left. After the vigor and variety of its last album, *Sandwich*, any Clash follow-up may have been bound to sound lame, but *Combat Rock* is astonishingly restrained. Adopting a muted attitude of cool funk appropriate to their position as the American political situation, these rattle-rockers have opted to go on a weak shore. Their instruments are used as minimal punctuation for their lyrics, which are presented as if they were poems. Overlaid with images of war and urban misery, such songs as *Innocent City*, *First Angel Dragnet* and *Glenn's Defiant* meld into one timeless warzone. Listening to the album is like being haunted by a philosophical drunk. Altogether it's about as much fun as a pop album.

BIG SCIENCES
Laurie Anderson
(RCA)

This debut album is another triumph of the human voice. A performance artist who doesn't sing as much as offer dramatic readings, Anderson comeses herself with the ease in which musicians sound like men and men like machines. Employing many instruments, from synthesizers to bagpipes, she sets her



Anderson: a triumph of the human voice

quark, beautifully crafted monologues against a richly textured musical backdrop. But the true measure of her beauty and songwriting is in the words. Simple and familiar—"Moody stranger, Mood of I made it," "I wanted you. And I was looking for you but I couldn't find you." "Please for jump all out"—her language always sweet sentiment from technological and futuristic ideas.

The nine compositions are uniformly excellent, and, unlike spoken-word recordings that prove satisfying for only one or two listeners, this album repays its pleasure over and over.

THE HUNTER
Blonde
(Columbia/Capitol)

Blonde is still more inventive and stylish than most bands around, but its last new album since September, 1980, does not come close to the high, acute standards of its earlier work. Fans may hope it is simply a dry spot, but those who have never fully appreciated Deborah Harry as either a vocal stylist or a symbol of modern, over-the-top womanhood may be quick to consider it the last view. However reluctantly, even her staunchest defenders would have to say that her performance is desiccated, repetitive and forgettable. There are some daring little successes, on *Debris* when she attempts to make "Vanilla, vanilla" sound negative, and the cerebral version of Steaky Robinson's *The Hunter Gets Captured by the Game* is not redundant even after Grace Jones's recent rendition. But most of the tunes have the stinging power. A little funk, a little rap, and they're gone.

—DAVID LIVINGSTONE

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A massive transfusion of spectacle



McClintock in *The Minked*, utilizing Schrader's immense resources with spectacular vision and intelligence.

The Stratford Festival's 30th season started last week with *Blood*

During the final preview of *Julian Caesar*, Jack Meeley, in the title role, was stabbed more thoroughly than expected by the computers and wound up in hospital with a punctured lung. Then, on opening night, the federal and Ontario governments, in response to artistic director John Ehrlich's insistent demands, proffered a combined donation of \$150,000 toward this year's entire set, covering costs of \$10 million. Meanwhile, castings: *The Milano* walked off with top honors over *Caesar*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *The Tempest*.

Dancer and choreographer Helen Mandana's stunning version of the Gilbert and Sullivan classic demonstrates just how spectacular the results can be when Stanford's immense resources are united with vision and intelligence. Visually, *Milada* is unparalleled in recent festival history. Designers Robert Brown and Douglas Melles have created the large-scale sets for highly tactile, anti-baggy opera costumes, bamboo-supported podiums and an astounding, larger-than-life backdrop that unfolds to form the *Milada*'s throne. Season's consumer recreation

the history of Japanese design propelled by McDonald's corps de ballet choreography, they create whirlpools of color on a stark, black backdrop.

With the arrival of the parcel, the show segues from Broadway musical to savagely to television sitcom without softening the delicate satirical锋芒. Sullivan's score. But this is no mere opera. *The Mikado* is probably the closest Gilbert and Sullivan came to writing a black comedy—the absurd plot centers on Ko-Ko, the Lord High Executioner's orders to chop off a head in order to save his own, and, underneath the mechanics of late-Victorian superstition and apocryphal characters, often at odds with the people he met so nice. When written (1885), it was the most popular stage musical by a long way, but the far from Vaduzer and warts her rage, the production glows with grand operatic pretensions.

Manfred's eagerness to take outrageous risks is totally exhilarating. Even though Richard McMillan's Puck-Bal and Gideon Rah's Mikado as trapeze artists come right off the stage, it's a joy to see inventive comedians pushed to the limit: Eric Dinkin's dived and underated Ka-Ko provides a pleasing contrast with his one-liners as Trudee and Rahab's cabé imitation Henry Brown and Marie Baron as the love-

struck Nanki-Poo and Yum-Yum head-on, though the orchestra could have been livelier. So far, Madonna's forces have been ballet and opera—what he might accomplish if let loose on his keener should not be left to the imagination.

More often, however, postmodernists are as anxious to deliver Caesar with less felicitous results. Director Derek Goldby's production is all flash and no flesh. It has treated such scenes narrowly enough, contravening the riot act, the assassination (real blood or no) and Paul's sword virgo on Grand Guignol. The bromide book covers never a dull moment, and never a name of the place. But the blame for this dismemberment also falls on Len Cohan's shuffling, overly heroic interpretations of Brutus. "The noblest Roman of them all" Brutus is more whom he should be, epicurean, a complex figure whose emotions and rhetoric are tragically out of sync. But Cohan suggests more of this.

With a cardboard Boxer as a spring partner, Nicholas Pennell's naturally "lean and hungry look" can only take him so far in plumbing Castro's fully fit R.R. Thomas, an Antonio—"a masker and a reveller"—has fashioned a living being with the colloidal elusiveness of a Vancouver Island beach bloom. The entire cast is drawn

down, however, by the mosaic blocks of suburban bathos that designer John Pearson calls outstages and by Gelsky's plangent inability to rectify transient feeling and motivation into appropriate movement.

Not nearly so hampered is Robert Beard's production of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Modestly ambitious, it achieves a modest success. The play is a mine of rich names, and the company shows remarkable depth in subtly shaping the comic dialogue. R.H. Thomas's throwaway style perfectly haunts the daffy stage. Bender, Colin Firth's *Shallow* is a model of jaded cynicism; Max Hurliman breathes life into Nym and others; and Richard Morosini's Doctor Caius is laughably Gelfin in his gaffes. The comic business is

comprehension of Falstaff with self-indulgent diction, rendering the play's best lines inaudible. More's the pity, since his banter with Mistress Quickly (Annie Hall) is warm and witty, his manner impeccable and his physical control a marvel.

As Campbell defaults on Falstaff, so does Cronin on Prospero. The magnanimous Prospero, Hirsch's first production at Stratford since 1976, has been nominated in vain for directors only merit. The performance easily grows drowsy on Cronin's states as the company's "leading man" if Hirsch, Cronin's self-acknowledged mentor, cannot guide him satisfactorily, nobody can. But Hirsch is at fault, too. Montrosky lay down all the performance, as if he repeated injunctions to make the text clear have been misinterpreted as a plea for more volume and less complexity. Clarity of diction has obscured the very richness in freedom and responsibility Hirsch wants to demonstrate. Sherry Pierce's Miranda, Lewis Gordon's Gonzalo, Nicholas Page's Stefano and Ian Decker's Ariel all, at times, allow the play's essence to shine forth, but they cannot reverse the bold literalism of Hirsch's execution. Only when the actors speak softly does the downtrodden text spring to life and yield its truth.

The epidemic of anorexia has infected designer Desmond Herley's gaudy as well, shrinking his color range to dull variations on clay. This austerity tames the play's vision, reduces the images of opposition and desire, conflict. Herley's benevolent spirit is indefinable from his evil goblets both are clad in measure, squares and lines, and their movements are equally the same or benign. But for sheer spectacle, this *Tempest* is hard to watch. The opening scene, sails and raging sea shattering, is a triumph. And the final masque represents the apex of the post-modern art.

The return of spectacle at Stratford is a capitulating theatrical mode is welcome. Without the physical and imaginative resources to realize such an option, a festival of Stratford's culture is severely handicapped. But when it fails, spectacle is also severely handicapped. Although Gelsky's *Come* does not provide much evidence that an insightful vision lies unrequited within, Hirsch's *Tempest* does, and the disappointment is therefore keener. Perhaps efforts later in the season will be directed to the heart of their season. One miracle does not a summer make. □

FILMS

A man who didn't stop

Senior Werner Patsholder, found dead at 36 in his Munich apartment last week, had an unusual story line, leaving behind him a profile and profane body of work to inspire wonder in the living. Most directors are lucky to achieve a portion of what he did in his more than 40 films compressed into a 25-year career. Patsholder's was hardly a conventional life: an award- and vocal—homosexual who dressed in leather and disdained sharing meat at the time, he was noted for his gothic behavior and aggressively antiauthorial style. His films, however, such as his masterpiece, *The Marriage of Maria Braun*, were models of sensitivity toward the human condition as well as dazzling displays of storytelling.

The themes of Patsholder's films ranged from homosexuality (*Paul and Pauline*) and transvestitism (*The Year Work in Munich*) to apocalyptic (*The Third Generation*) and drug abuse (*First Love, The Death of Virginia West*). Yet these films, after a refutation of his personal terms,

were accepted to one another by the larger themes of loneliness, fear and poignant attempts at survival in their depictions of the world as seen through his eyes. His establishment from the film establishment first sprung from the early rejection of his work in Germany, although outside Germany he was being discovered and hailed as the filmmaker of the German New Wave.

Within the international film market there had always been a niche; would Patsholder ever live to see it? Would his incredible pace of working the dangers of his sexual lifestyle and his use of cocaine soon take their toll? But everyone knew the jobs was too good to pass up. The industry had to burn itself out he was, as his films lovingly show, all too human. Two years ago, at the Cannes Film Festival, his last, was from a short distance, said that this was a man who could never find peace at rest.

—LAWRENCE O'GRIFF



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Firth (left), Decker (right) reduced to meet

solid and exposable, and the final galling of Falstaff in the park hauntingly evoked the moral museum and resurrection at the heart of comedy.

The prosperous Windsor burglers are less effective. Although Nicholas Pennar's Ford is scarily jealous and preening, he is his profession as a whole suffer from a lack of social context. Underpinning Falstaff's incoherence is a running commentary on the shifting relations between "gentle" folk such as Falstaff and the upstart middle middle class. Without that perspective the play is reduced to clowning. Most disappointing is Douglas Campbell, who seems a masterful



Patsholder

Sordid persecutions by petty men

By Allan Petheringham

THE sure sign of a government headed for destruction is its members. When in trouble, it grows even more toxic, even more intolerant of critics. The Liberal gang in Ottawa at the moment may be the last to disappear, down in the polls, run by a man who almost guarantees his status as a prime minister who will run again and therefore has no obligation to the voter, shows all the classic signals.

Justice Minister Jean Chrétien, who wants very much to be prime minister,

fine, smiled quietly to itself, close it suspended the judicial duels had no idea who they were hitting. Berger's legal career had been built on preceding-setting court battles on behalf of native peoples. As could have been predicted, his eloquent and passionate final *Minicome Valley* report (which happens to be the longest-selling document ever published by the government of Canada) effectively killed for decades any plans for the pipeline. It has always been the suspicion of this typewriter—which is very suspicious—that the Trudeauism, Bellinghanger in that

style resign, after being unfortunately detained in an unbecoming with a high-profile prostitute in a police wire-tap operation aimed at drug dealing. Did the Canadian Judicial Council ever get involved? Has the B.C. public ever been told to this day why the judge resigned? Don't be foolish. Is the Pope Polish?

Paul Weller is a distinguished Canadian law professor now teaching at Harvard. He is the author of *In the Last Resort*, a study of the Canadian Supreme Court. He says: "It's rather ironic that Berger is being criticized by Trudeau and Chrétien while the new

Constitution is in fact designed to allow—even to encourage—that sort of conduct, from the judiciary. The new Constitution is in effect 'Americanized' the Canadian system in that it would have the Supreme Court making major decisions that shape society. What Berger did was to demonstrate in the U.S."

Since logic is not applicable here in the name of the Trudeauism, we must look elsewhere. Berger is not exactly a shining virtue. His views have always been clear-cut. He was a Liberal at university—before switching to the PC, for which he was a star in the brief 1959-61 period.

His was leader of the B.C. NDP and, when appointed to the B.C. Supreme Court in 1971, was, at 36, the youngest appointee this century. He has been appointed to repeat commissions by all three parties, by Joe Clark as well as Trudeau. He holds honorary degrees from eight universities. He's been delivering extemporaneous views at Queen's, Yale, McGill and elsewhere upon Chrétien made him a hero in his Blackstone Valley role. In September last year he supported Trudeau's Constitution before 1,300 lawyers, judges and politicians at the Canadian Bar Association meeting. No one complained when his book, *Prologue*, President, laying out his well-known views on native rights, was published last fall. But when Trudeau and Chrétien failed native rights and Quebec in their *Wishon Constitution*, he spoke out again. His views hadn't changed. There had. For that, he had to be punished. Somebody had to do "something" about Berger. These guys don't deserve power.



has just managed to make a martyr-out of Mr. Justice Thomas R. Berger of the British Columbia Supreme Court. He has done so by showing a rather surprising boldness in siding with the most-bored judges of the Canadian Judicial Council, a tedious collection of worst shippers who tried to speak Berger for his outrageous conduct, or actually speaking out on the flawed constitutional proposals. It is the daily staff of newspapers—Christians laying out, heavy-footed boots that Berger should resign, an increasingly disposition Berger bring back to the streets, legal establishment in the legal establishment. The issue has now turned out to be Mr. Chrétien and Mr. Trudeau—some thought of as stout champions of individuality and intellectual courage. They now come out line about as fiery, fiery and—most of all—a man who cannot shake criticism, from whatever direction. They are nervous, as they should be, because they are about to get tossed out on their heels as soon as the poor ruler can get a chance at them.

The newspaper columnist is Mr. Trudeau's and Mr. Chrétien's treatment of Mr. Justice Berger is very telling—because they is effect created him. Berger has always been a brilliant, ambitious figure. But he became himself a national media star in 1981 when he was 1984 when then Indian Affairs Minister Jean Chrétien approved the selection of Berger as the sole royal commissioner of the Mackenzie Valley Pipeline Inquiry. That particular typewriter, at the time Petheringham is a columnist for *Saskatoon News*.

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